

"YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN"

Screenplay

By

Gene Wilder & Mel Brooks

THIRD DRAFT
December 17, 1973

"YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN"

FADE IN

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN CASTLE - NIGHT

1

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING..

A CRACK OF THUNDER!

On a distant, rainy hill, the old Frankenstein Castle, as we knew and loved it, is illuminated by ANOTHER BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

MUSIC: AN EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY begins to PLAY in the b.g.

CREDITS BEGIN, as we MOVE SLOWLY CLOSER to the castle. It is completely dark, except for one room -- a study in the corner of the castle -- lit only by candles.

Now we are just outside a rain-splattered window of the study. The CREDITS END and we PASS THROUGH THE WINDOW and SEE:

INT. STUDY

2

A closed coffin rests on a table. As the CAMERA SEMI-CIRCLES towards the front of the coffin...

A clock, that happens to cross our path, BEGINS TO CHIME: "One," "Two," "Three," "Four..." We might notice that both its hands are pointing to 12.

Now we are FACING the front of the coffin and begin to RISE SLOWLY ABOVE it. "Five," "Six," "Seven," "Eight..."

The heavily ENGRAVED LETTERS on the curved lid of the coffin reveal themselves to us, from bottom to top, inch by inch:

F R A N K E N S T E I N

We are ALMOST DIRECTLY OVER the coffin. "Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," "T W E L V E !"

The lid of the coffin FLINGS OPEN with a CRASH.

CUT TO:

THE EMBALMED HEAD OF BEUFORT FRANKENSTEIN

Half of his face still clings to the waxen balm; the other half has decayed to skull. Below his head is a skeleton, whose bony fingers clutch a metal box.

A HAND

reaches in to grasp the metal box.

It lifts the box halfway out of the coffin -- the skeleton's fingers rising, involuntarily, with the box.

Then, as if by force of will, the skeleton's fingers seem to grab the box back and place it where it was.

Now "The Hand" -- with the help of its other hand -- grabs the box back from the skeleton's fingers...which no longer resist.

ANGLE ON CORNELIUS WALDMAN

whose 'Hands' we have just seen, carries the box to a small table. He takes a tiny key out from his vest pocket and begins to unlock the metal box.

NINE PEOPLE watch him closely. They are seated on chairs in the study, waiting to hear the contents of Beaufort Frankenstein's will. Their dress is turn-of-the-century Transylvanian.

Cornelius Waldman fumbles with the ancient lock, emitting little grunts as he tries to open it. As he is grunting, the CAMERA PASSES the face of each "Potential Heir," as he or she mutters in frustration or anger.

WALTER

My life is in that box and he
can't open it.

ILSE

(his wife.)
Shhh!

NINETY-YEAR-OLD VILLAGER (HEINRICH)
Hurry, idiot. Hurry!

AGATHA

(his wife)
Quiet, Heinrich. We've waited
seventy years -- another three or
four seconds won't hurt.

Cont.

NINETY-YEAR-OLD VILLAGER

Another three or four seconds??? I could be dead by then.

AGATHA

Shhh!

A MAN

What if your beloved Great Uncle... left you out of his will?

HELENE (HIS GIRLFRIEND)

Shut your beloved mouth!

ANASTASIA (A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN)

Oh, Mutti -- I hardly remember. Did the Baron really like me when I was a child?

MARLENE (HER MOTHER)

Like a father!

WOLFGANG

(muttering to himself)

Wenn dieser Bloder kerl sich nicht beeilt verde ich verruckt. Was zum Teufel machte?

MARLENE

Shhhh!

WOLFGANG

Vas??

MARLENE

Shaa!

WOLFGANG

Ah!...Ya!

Cornelius Waldman finally opens the lock. He takes out an old parchment, puts on his glasses, coughs and sputters a few times, and then begins to read.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

(reading)

'I, Beaufort Frankenstein, in this my eighty-third year of life, do hereby declare the following statements as my last will and testament...to be read upon the occasion of my one hundredth birthday. And I direct my executor, Cornelius Waldman, to assemble those persons previously divulged to him, that they may hear -- in my own voice -- the final disposition of my property.'

Cont.

At the words "in my own voice" the nine "Potential Heirs" exchange curious glances.

Cornelius Waldman nods to a clerk, HERR FALKSTEIN, who is standing nearby.

HERR FALKSTEIN cranks an old Victrola and places the needle onto an already spinning record. It SCRATCHES and then begins to PLAY.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN

(deep and majestic)

The once proud name of Frankenstein has been dragged, by my only son, Victor, into an abyss of shame. There was a time when the name 'Frankenstein' conjured dreams of virtue, of honor and devotion. Now, no guilt, no malignity, no misery can be found to equal mine. And the catalogue of sins of my once devoted son will not cease to rankle in my wounds until death shall close them forever -- so supremely frightful is the effect of any human endeavor to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world.

(to an Assistant)

Did you get all that? Are you sure you got 'rankle in my wounds?' I'll kill you if you screw this up. All right, all right -- get the hell out of the way. You're sure I'm close enough to this thing? All right, shut up!

(for posterity again)

Now as to the disposition of my estate.

Everyone in the room sits alert.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT

To my cousins, Heinrich and Agatha...

CUT TO:

THE NINETY-YEAR-OLD VILLAGER AND HIS WIFE

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VOICE OF BEAUFORT

...and to my cousin Walter and his wife, Ilse...

CUT TO:

WALTER AND ILSE

VOICE OF BEAUFORT
...and to my niece Helene...

CUT TO:

HELENE, SITTING WITH HER BOYFRIEND

VOICE OF BEAUFORT
...and my dear nephew, Wolfgang...

CUT TO:

WOLFGANG, SITTING ALONE

VOICE OF BEAUFORT
...and lastly, to my cherished old bosom... My cherished old bosom friend, Marlene, and to her charming daughter...

(to the Assistant)
What did she finally name it after all the fuss?

VOICE OF ASSISTANT
(whispering)
Anastasia!

VOICE OF BEAUFORT
(back into the microphone)
...Anastasia...

CUT TO:

ANASTASIA AND MARLENE

VOICE OF BEAUFORT
...to all of you, in equal shares, I hereby give, devise and bequeath, absolutely and without any restrictions whatsoever, all property of every sort and description, whether real, personal or mixed, to which my estate shall be entitled.

Heinrich and Agatha are hugging each other.

Walter and Ilse are hugging each other.

Helene and her Boyfriend are hugging each other.

Cont.

Anastasia and Marlene are hugging each other.
Wolfgang is hugging himself.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT
UNLESS...

They all look up suddenly from their hugging.

SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH...the needle has reached the end of the first side.

Herr Falkstein lifts the arm off and turns the record over.

HERR FALKSTEIN
(apologetically)
It's a seventy-eight.

He places the needle on the record.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT
...unless...my only male heir,
my great-grandson Frederick...
whom I have never seen but who is,
at the time of this recording, ten
years of age and residing in America
with my granddaughter Katherine --
has, by his own free will, embraced
Medicine as his career, and has
acquitted himself with some measure
of esteem. Then, to him I leave...
EVERYTHING!

The nine "Potential Heirs" are expressionless.

HEINRICH
Oh, mein Gott!

AGATHA
Sha! What's the matter with you?
He's probably not even a Doctor.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT
My castle, together with its laboratory,
its public and private library, all
acreage surrounding my estate, plus all
income and principal thereof...in the
fond hope that yet another Frankenstein
shall lift our family name to an
eminence of dignity that it once
enjoyed. As for my dear friends and
relations, should this latter
improbability come to be -- I know that
I have your complete understanding.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT (Cont.)

For the path to salvation and
repentance must be climbed up the
barren mountain of my soul, and
not up yours, up yours, up yours,
up yours, up yours...

Herr Falkstein removes the needle from the finished record.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

Herr Falkstein! Did you inform
Frederick Frankestein of this
assembly and all the particulars
of time and place?

HERR FALKSTEIN

I did, sir.

He takes a cablegram out from his pocket.

HERR FALKSTEIN

But I received a cable only this
morning, saying that he could not
come.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

Was he aware of the importance
of this occasion?

HERR FALKSTEIN

Yes, sir, he was. But he said
he was obligated to give a lecture.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

What lecture could be more
important than the will of
Baron Beaufort Frankestein?

HERR FALKSTEIN

(reading the cable)
'Functional areas of the cerebrum
in relation to the skull.'

The Ninety-Year-Old Villager passes out.

HELENE

(very sweetly)

Excuse me, Mr. Waldman -- excuse me
for interrupting. But is Frederick,
then...a medical doctor?

Cont.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

Yes, my dear, he is.

HELENE

And has he achieved...any special degree of eminence?

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

He is the fifth leading authority in his field.

HELENE

(sinking her head into her hand)

Oh, shit.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

Herr Falkstein! -- You must go at once and present Dr. Frankenstein with all the details of his inheritance. The estate will provide for your journey.

HELENE

I object, Herr Waldman! If the beloved great-grandson cared at all for the House of Frankenstein, he would have shown it by being here tonight. I think we should completely disregard the afterthoughts of a very old man.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

Madam -- the foundation of civilization rests upon adherence to the law. And the Law is the Law. DAD GESETZ IST DAS GESETZ!

Wolfgang -- the nephew who mutters in German -- CRASHES the back of his head halfway INTO THE WALL behind him.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

Herr Falkstein! You have your instructions!

HERR FALKSTEIN

Yes, sir!

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

I have taken an oath that each letter of this statement shall be executed...and by God, it shall be done!

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING CRASHES THRU A WINDOW and into the room.
The RECORD that was just played SHATTERS into pieces.
The lid of Beaufort Frankenstein's coffin SLAMS SHUT by itself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL ARENA - DAY

11

LEGEND OVER SCREEN IMAGE

JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Herr Falkstein enters the balcony of an arena packed with young MEDICAL STUDENTS. A lecture is in progress.

LECTURER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

If we look at the base of a brain which has just been removed from a skull, there's very little of the midbrain that we can actually see.

Herr Falkstein proceeds, almost on tiptoe, along the aisle -- his footsteps ECHOING lightly against the cold stone floor as he passes the faces of students, intense with concentration. He is carrying the small metal box from the previous scene.

LECTURER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Yet, as I demonstrated in my lecture last week, if the under aspects of the temporal lobes are gently pulled apart, the upper portion of the stem of the brain can be seen.

Falkstein eventually finds a vacant place and sits down.

LONG SHOT - FALKSTEIN'S P.O.V.

12

of our famous lecturer: YOUNG DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN, who is lecturing with a scalpel and a model of a brain.

Cont.

FREDDY

This so called 'brain stem'
consists of the midbrain, a
rounded protrusion called the pons,
and a stalk tapering downwards
called the medulla oblongata,
which passes out of the skull
through the foramen magnum and becomes,
of course...the spinal cord. Which
brings us directly to the demonstration
prepared for today. Are there any
questions before we proceed?

MEDICAL STUDENT

(rising)

I have one question, Dr. Frankenstein.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - FREDDY

FREDDY

That's 'Fronkonsteen.'

MEDICAL STUDENT

I beg your pardon?

FREDDY

My name is pronounced
Fron kon steen.

MEDICAL STUDENT

Oh! I thought it was
Dr. Frankenstein.

FREDDY

No, it's Dr. Fronkonsteen!

MEDICAL STUDENT

But you are the grandson of the
famous Dr. Victor Frankenstein??
...who ingeniously dug up and
transformed dead components...

FREDDY

(interrupting)

I KNOW WHAT HE DID! I know what
he did. But I prefer, by far, to
be remembered for my own small
contributions to science, and
not because of my genetic
relationship to a famous...
Looney Tune.

Polite laughter from the Students.

FREDDY

Now, if you don't mind, can
we get on to your question?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Well, sir...I'm not sure I
understand the distinction between
'Reflexive' and 'Voluntary' nerve
impulses.

FREDDY

Very good! Since our lab work today
is a demonstration of just that
distinction...Why don't we proceed?Freddy motions to his Assistant, CARLSON, who wheels in a
PATIENT.

Freddy moves behind the Patient on the table.

FREDDY

Mr. Hilltop here -- with whom I have never worked or given any prior instructions to -- has graciously offered his services for this afternoon's demonstration, Mr. Hilltop!

HILLTOP

Yes, sir?

FREDDY

Have we ever seen each other before this afternoon?

HILLTOP

No, sir.

FREDDY

Tell them!

HILLTOP

(turning to the Medical Students)

No, sir -- we haven't.

FREDDY

(to his audience)

Do I lie?

(to Mr. Hilltop)

Would you be kind enough to hop up on your feet and stand beside this table?

Mr. Hilltop gets off of the operating table and stands erect.

FREDDY

Mr. Hilltop! Would you raise your left knee, please!?

Mr. Hilltop raises his left knee.

FREDDY

You have just witnessed a 'Voluntary' nerve impulse. It begins as a stimulus from the cerebral cortex, passes through the brain stem and then to the particular muscles involved. Mr. Hilltop, you may lower your knee.

He lowers his knee.

Cont.

FREDDY

'Reflex' movements are those which are made independently of the will, but are carried out along pathways which pass between the periphery and the central nervous system.
You filthy, rotten, yellow son-of-a-BITCH!

Freddy pokes his knee close to Mr. Hilltop's testicles. Mr. Hilltop reacts accordingly.

FREDDY

We are not aware of these impulses, neither do we intend them to contract our muscles. Yet -- as you can see -- they work by themselves.

By this time, Mr. Hilltop has lowered his protective thigh... a little nervously.

FREDDY

But what if we block the nerve impulse by simply applying local pressure...which can be done with any ordinary metal clamp.

Freddy reaches out his hand. Carlson hands him a bicycle clamp. Freddy places the clamp behind Mr. Hilltop's ears.

FREDDY

...Just at the swelling on the posterior nerve root -- for, oh, say, five or six seconds...

A short pause. Freddy looks at his watch.

FREDDY

Why you mother-grabbing BASTARD!

Freddy jerks his knee into Mr. Hilltop's testicles. This time Mr. Hilltop does not move. His eyes cross in exquisite agony. He is almost ready to pass out.

FREDDY

Because of this clamp, all communication is shut off. In spite of our mechanical magnificence, if there is not this continuous stream of motor impulses...
(removes the clamp)
...we would collapse like a bunch of broccoli.

Cont.

Mr. Hilltop collapses onto the floor.

A smattering of POLITE APPLAUSE.

Carlson reaches down and lifts Mr. Hilltop, who is unconscious, back onto the table.

FREDDY

In conclusion, it should be noted...

(to Carlson)

Give him an extra dollar.

CARLSON

Yes, sir.

FREDDY

...that more than common injury to the nerve roots is always serious, because...once a nerve fibre is severed...there is no way, in Heaven or on earth, to regenerate life back into it. Are there any more questions before we leave?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Doctor Fronkonsteen!

FREDDY

Yes?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Isn't it true that Darwin preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case until, by some extraordinary means, it actually began to move with voluntary motion?

FREDDY

A piece of what?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Vermicelli.

FREDDY

Are you speaking of the worm, or the spaghetti?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Why...the worm, sir.

Cont.

FREDDY

Ah! In science you must be very
precise -- it can spell the
difference between life and death.

(to Carlson)
I don't want that fellow in class
next semester.

CARLSON

Yes, sir.

FREDDY

He has a big mouth.

(to the Medical Students)
Yes! It seems to me I did read
something about that incident as
a student. But you have to
remember that a worm -- with very
few exceptions -- is not a human
being.

A small TITTER from the Students.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But wasn't that the whole basis of
your grandfather's work, sir...?
The reanimation of dead tissue?

FREDDY

My grandfather was a sick man.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But as a Franken...as a 'Fronkonsteen,'
aren't you the least bit curious
about it, Doctor? Doesn't the
bringing back to life what was
once dead -- hold any intrigue
for you?

FREDDY

You are talking about the nonsensical
ravings of a lunatic mind. Dead is
dead!

MEDICAL STUDENT

But look at what's been done with
hearts and kidneys!

FREDDY

Hearts and kidneys are Tinker Toys!
I'm talking about the Central
Nervous System.

Cont.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But, sir...

FREDDY

I am a scientist...! Not a philosopher.

(holds up his scalpel)
You have more chance of reanimating this scalpel than you have of mending a broken nervous system.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But your grandfather's work, sir!

FREDDY

My grandfather's work was Doo-Doo!
I'm not interested in death! There is only one thing that concerns me, and that is the preservation of LIFE!

POLITE APPLAUSE. However, on the word "Life," Freddy has plunged the scalpel into his thigh by mistake. No one but Freddy and the Movie Audience is aware of this.

FREDDY

Class...is...dismissed!

The Students begin to leave.

FREDDY

Carlson!

CARLSON

Yes, sir?

FREDDY

Bring me some surgical gauze, a little tape, and some...mercurichrome.

CARLSON

(seeing the wound)
Mercurichrome? But, sir, don't you want me to bring you some iodine?

FREDDY

Burns.

CARLSON

Yes, sir.

He runs off.

Herr Falkstein approaches Freddy with the metal box.

HERR FALKSTEIN
Dr. Frankenstein?

FREDDY
(through his pain)
Fron kon steen!

HERR FALKSTEIN
My name is Gerhart Falkstein.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CITY STREET - EVENING

14

Herr Falkstein and Freddy are walking along the sidewalk. In the distance, a little OLD VIOLINIST, wearing a Tyrolean hat, PLAYS a cheerful tune on his violin. His open violin case rests on the ground beside him.

FREDDY
One hundred thousand dollars?

HERR FALKSTEIN
Oh, at least, sir. The land alone
is worth a small fortune.

FREDDY
But I can't just drop everything
and leave. I have obligations.
For Heaven's sake, man...I'm being
married in two weeks. What do
they expect of me?

Herr Falkstein looks down for a moment, in sympathy. The little Old Violinist has finished his cheerful tune. He now PLAYS the EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY that was heard at the opening of the film.

HERR FALKSTEIN
(meekly)
You also have an obligation to
the family.

FREDDY
Hang the family! I've said I
won't do it, and that's that!!

HERR FALKSTEIN
But you can be back in a week's time,
Doctor -- ten days at most.

Cont.

FREDDY

Oh, leave me alone, can't you?
What you're asking of me is
ludicrous. It's not so easy just
to pick up and...

Freddy stops -- the music seeping into a dark and forgotten corner of his brain.

FREDDY

Curious melody! Haunting, isn't it?

(rubs his temples with
his fingertips)

Of course...I don't want the family
to think of me as a spoil sport.

HERR FALKSTEIN

Does that mean...

FREDDY

Excuse me a moment.

Freddy, followed by Herr Falkstein, walks back a few steps and stands next to the Old Violinist as he plays.

FREDDY

What's that tune you're playing?

OLD VIOLINIST

Zis is an old Transylvanian Lullaby.

FREDDY

It has something! Such a quaint
little tune.

Freddy reaches into his pocket and takes out several bills. He stuffs them into the Old Violinist's pocket.

OLD VIOLINIST

Oh, sank you, sir.

FREDDY

May I see your violin?

OLD VIOLINIST

(handing Freddie
the violin)

It's an honor for me, sir. You
play the violin?

FREDDY

Oh, just a little.

(examines the violin)

Nice! Nice little balance to it.

Cont.

OLD VIOLINIST

Ja, ja.

Freddy, without emotion, smashes the violin over his knee and then hands the two halves back to the Old Violinist.

FREDDY

Thank you so much.

The Old Violinist takes the two halves, open-mouthed.

FREDDY

(to Herr Falkstein)

Well, if you're sure I could accomplish everything in a week...

HERR FALKSTEIN

Why did you do that?

FREDDY

What?

HERR FALKSTEIN

Break that old man's violin.

FREDDY

I didn't do that.

HERR FALKSTEIN

The Old Violinist -- you smashed his violin over your knee.

FREDDY

I did not do that. Why would I do a thing like that...? Are you insane?

HERR FALKSTEIN

(in solitary ecstasy)

He - is - a - Frankenstein!

FREDDY

All right, then, I suppose I owe the family that much. But you'll have everything ready for me when I arrive?

HERR FALKSTEIN

Oh, yes, sir. I'll take care of everything. You don't know how happy this makes me.

Cont.

FREDDY
One week at the most!

HERR FALKSTEIN
One week -- I'll see to it,
Herr Doktor!

As Freddy disappears into the distance, Herr Falkstein takes out his wallet, and, as he walks past the Old Violinist... he drops out a few bills into the open violin case.

ANGLE ON THE OLD VIOLINIST

15

He nods appreciatively -- then begins to PLAY the Transylvanian Lullaby on the top half of his violin.

The CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY to his face, which is now just a little eerie as he plays under the shaft of light from a street lamp.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Freddy, with a large suitcase and small briefcase, stands next to a lot of steam -- behind which there appears to be a waiting train.

With Freddy is his beautiful, flat-chested fiancee, ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

Oh, my sweet darling...oh, my dearest love...I'll count the hours that you're away.

FREDDY

(moving to kiss her)
Oh, my darling -- so will I.

ELIZABETH

Not on the lips?

FREDDY

What?

ELIZABETH

I'm going to that silly party at Nana and Nicky's later. I don't want to smear my lipstick...you understand.

FREDDY

Of course.

CONDUCTOR

(o.s.)
BOARD! All aboard.

ELIZABETH

Oh, dear...

FREDDY

Well...I guess this is it.

ELIZABETH

Freddy! Darling! How can I say in a few minutes what it's taken me a lifetime to understand?

FREDDY

Try.

ELIZABETH

All right...you're tops with me.

Cont.

FREDDY

Darling!

ELIZABETH

I'm yours! All of me! What
else can I say?

FREDDY

(putting his face
against her cheek)
Oh my sweet love!

ELIZABETH

The hair! -- the hair! Just
been set.

FREDDY

Oh! Sorry.

ELIZABETH

I hope you like old fashioned
weddings.

FREDDY

I prefer old fashioned wedding
nights.

ELIZABETH

You're incorrigible!

FREDDY

Does that mean you love me?

ELIZABETH

You bet your boots it does.

FREDDY

(taking her by the
waist)
Oh my only love.

ELIZABETH

Taffeta, darling.

FREDDY

Taffeta, sweetheart.

ELIZABETH

I mean my dress -- it's taffeta.
Wrinkles so easily.

Cont.

FREDDY

Oh!

CONDUCTOR
BOARD! ALL ABOARD!

ELIZABETH

There's that horrid man again.
Hurry, now -- before I make a
fool of myself. I don't trust
this 'no run' mascara.

Freddy, not knowing where to touch her, sticks out his
elbow. She sticks out hers, and their elbows kiss good-bye.

FREDDY

Good-bye, darling.

ELIZABETH

Good-bye, Freddy.

Freddy DISAPPEARS INTO THE STEAM.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

17

Freddy is sitting in a passenger car, reading a book. A FEW
PEOPLE sit near him.

A CONDUCTOR

18

walks down the aisle.

CONDUCTOR

New York next! Everyone out for
NEW YORK!

Freddy looks out the window.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY'S FACE AND THE WINDOW

19

When Freddy looks back, the same People are sitting where
they were, but now they are wearing Tyrolean clothing.

The seats have a more European arrangement.

THE SAME CONDUCTOR

20

wearing a Tyrolean Conductor's hat, walks down the aisle.

Cont.

CONDUCTOR

Transylvania nachste! Jeder
austeigen fur TRANSLYVANIA!

Freddy reaches up and takes his suitcase and briefcase off of the rack above him. Then he raises his window and looks out:

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GERMAN BOY

21

dressed in lederhosen, a cap, and a shoeshine kit on his back, passes by.

FREDDY

(calling out to him)
Pardon me, boy! Is this the
Transylvania Station?

GERMAN BOY

Ja, ja. Track twenty-nine.

He walks OFF. Then suddenly TURNS BACK.

GERMAN BOY

Oh, can I give you a shine?

FREDDY

Thank you, no.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

22

Freddy gets off the ancient train wearing his hat and carrying his coat over one arm. He looks for someone who might be there to meet him.

The train leaves. (o.s.)

The station is completely deserted. A sudden gust of wind blows an old newspaper past Freddy.

LOW THUNDER.

From the distant shadows, Freddy HEARS the SOUND of someone approaching.

The SOUND comes closer and closer, but it is so dark, and foggy, that no definite form can be perceived. Finally, there is:

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING!

illuminating A FACE, one foot away from Freddy's.

Cont.

IGOR
Frankenstein?

FREDDY
Fron kon steen!

IGOR
You're putting me on.

FREDDY
No, it's pronounced Fron kon steen.

IGOR
And do you also say FRO derick?

FREDDY
No, Fred erick.

IGOR
Why isn't it Froderick Fronkensteen?

FREDDY
It's not. It's Frederick Fronkonsteen.

IGOR
I see.

Now Freddy can see the whole man facing him. He is a strange fellow with a hunched back.

FREDDY
You must be Igor.

Igor thinks a moment.

IGOR
No, it's pronounced AYE gor.

FREDDY
But they told me it was EE gor.

IGOR
Well, they were wrong then, weren't they?

FREDDY
You were sent by Herr Falkstein, weren't you?

Cont.

IGOR

Yes, that's right. My grandfather used to work for your grandfather. Herr Falkstein thought it might be ironically appropriate if I worked for you.

FREDDY

How nice.

IGOR

Of course...the rates have gone up.

FREDDY

Of course, of course. I'm sure we'll get on splendidly.

In his uneasiness, Freddy slaps Igor on his hump.

FREDDY

Oh...I'm sorry. You know, I don't mean to embarrass you in any way, but I'm a rather brilliant surgeon. Perhaps I can help you with that hump.

IGOR

What hump?

FREDDY

(trying to recover)
...Let's go!

Freddy reaches down to take his briefcase. Igor grabs it first and walks off -- leaving Freddy to struggle with the large suitcase. He follows after Igor.

They pass under a dangling sign:

"TRANSYLVANIA STATION"

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE NEAR THE STATION

23

Igor and Freddy approach a cart drawn by TWO HORSES.

IGOR

(climbing into the
driver's seat)

I think you'll be more comfortable
in the rear.

Freddy climbs up on the spokes of one wheel and throws his suitcase into the cart.

Cont.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Oooh!

FREDDY

What was that?

IGOR

That must be Inga. They thought
you might need a laboratory assistant
temporarily.

Freddy peers into the cart and sees:

A LARGE-BREASTED LABORATORY ASSISTANT lying in the hay.

INGA

Would you like to have a roll
in the hay?

Freddy DISAPPEARS from sight.

He REAPPEARS on the wheel.

FREDDY

I'm not sure I...get your drift.

INGA

You should try it -- it's fun!

She begins to roll herself over and over in the hay.

INGA

(singing)
Roll, roll...roll in the hay;
Roll, roll...roll in the hay...Igor CRACKS a whip. The horses start OFF as Freddy scurries
into the cart.Igor joins in SINGING with Inga: "Roll, roll...roll in the
hay."

CLOSEUP - FREDDY'S EYES

24

as he listens to the singing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

25

The cart travels up a winding road.

Cont.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

Inga snuggles quickly into Freddy's arms.

INGA

Sometimes I'm afraid of the lightning.

FREDDY

Just an atmospheric discharge -- nothing to be afraid of.

A HORRIFYING CRY OF A WOLF.

INGA

(frightened)
Werewolf.

FREDDY

WEREWOLF???

IGOR

There!

FREDDY

What?

IGOR

(pointing to the woods)

There wolf!

(pointing up the road)

There castle!

FREDDY

Why are you talking that way?

IGOR

I thought you wanted to.

FREDDY

No, I don't want to.

IGOR

Suit yourself -- I'm easy.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

IGOR

(pointing to the top of the hill)

Well...there it is!

THE CASTLE (Miniature)

29

illuminated by lightning.

26

As we see the castle:

IGOR
(o.s.)
Home.

FREDDY
(to himself)
Home!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

27

As they approach the gigantic front door -- illuminated by a torch in iron sconce on each side -- Igor steps down from the cart and walks up to the door. He grasps hold of:

CLOSER SHOT - DOOR

28

TWO ENORMOUS WROUGHT-IRON KNOCKERS

Igor raps them against the door. The SOUND can be heard ECHOING through the castle.

FREDDY
(watching the door in amazement as he helps Inga down from the cart)
What knockers!

INGA
(shyly)
Thank you, Doctor.

Igor goes back to the cart, takes down Freddy's briefcase and begins to unhitch the horses.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

29

The massive frame slowly CREAKS open and A WOMAN appears.

FRAU BLUCHER
I am Frau Blucher.

LIGHTNING.

At the sound of her name, the HORSES REAR.

Cont.

IGOR
(thinking it was the lightning)
Steady! Steady.

Freddy sets his and Inga's suitcase onto the ground and approaches Frau Blucher.

FREDDY
How do you do? I am Doctor Fronkonsteen. This is my assistant. Inga, may I present Frau Blucher.

At the sound of her name, the HORSES REAR.

IGOR
Easy. Easy! Steady now.

FREDDY
I wonder what's got into them?

FRAU BLUCHER
Your rooms are ready, Herr Doktor. If you will follow me, please.

FREDDY
Ayegor! Bring the bags as soon as you're done.

IGOR
Yes, sir.

FREDDY
After you, Frau Blucher.

As the HORSES REAR, Frau Blucher, Inga and Freddy DISAPPEAR INTO the castle.

IGOR
Down! Get down, you beasts!
Down, I say!

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

30

Freddy and Inga gaze in awe as they enter the great hall.

31

THEIR P.O.V. - RECEPTION HALL

31

A fire is burning in the enormous fireplace, casting SHADOWS on the walls.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE

32

Igor has picked up all the luggage and, as he walks to the front door, he turns suddenly toward the horses and SHOUTS:

IGOR
BLUCHER!!

The HORSES REAR and RUN OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL

Frau Blucher picks up a large, UNLIT CANDELABRA from a small table and starts towards the staircase. Igor has entered and joins the others.

FRAU BLUCHER

Follow me, please.

She leads Freddy, Inga and Igor UP THE STAIRCASE. On the right side, there is a wall; the left side is a SHEER DROP DOWN.

FRAU BLUCHER

(holding up her
unlit candelabra)

Stay close! This staircase can
be treacherous.

Freddy and Inga look at each other but follow politely.

As they ascend the staircase, Igor pushes past Freddy and Inga.

IGOR

(to Frau Blucher)

Do you mind if I walk near you?
I can't see a bloody thing back
there.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FREDDY'S BEDROOM

A fire is lit in the fireplace. Candles are lit in wall sconces. One wall is devoted to books. Freddy's bags have been placed on a chaise lounge.

FRAU BLUCHER

And this is your room. I hope you
find it comfortable...it was your
grandfather Victor's room.

She turns to a PORTRAIT OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN. (It bears a remarkable resemblance to Freddy.)

FREDDY

It seems fine.

FRAU BLUCHER

(turning back to Freddy)
You'll find the keys to all the rooms
in my cas...all the rooms in your
castle on this ring. I'll leave
it on the table.

Cont.

FREDDY

Does that include the key to the
laboratory?

FRAU BLUCHER

You mean...the laboratory.

FREDDY

Yes!...the laboratory.

FRAU BLUCHER

No, the laboratory was destroyed in
a fire...long ago.

FREDDY

I see.

(examines the bookcase)
There seem to be quite a few books.

FRAU BLUCHER

This was Victor's...the Baron's
medical library.

FREDDY

I see. And where is my grandfather's
private library?

FRAU BLUCHER

I don't know what you mean, sir.

FREDDY

Well, there was a public and a
private library -- it says so in the
will. These books are all very general --
any doctor might have them in his study.

FRAU BLUCHER

This is the only library I know of,
Dr. Frankenstone.

FREDDY

...Frankenstein.

FRAU BLUCHER

Frankenstein.

FREDDY

Yes, but surely he kept his notes --
his private papers and records in some
other place?

FRAU BLUCHER

I think you must be mistaken.

Cont.

FREDDY
...Well...we'll see.

FRAU BLUCHER
Would the doctor care for a brandy
before retiring?

FREDDY
No, thank you. That's very kind
of you.

FRAU BLUCHER
Some warm milk, perhaps?

FREDDY
...uh...No! Thank you. No.

FRAU BLUCHER
Ovaltine?

FREDDY
Nothing! Thank you. I'm a little
tired.

FRAU BLUCHER
Then I'll say good night.

She turns to the portrait, kisses it as unnoticeably as
possible, and whispers:

FRAU BLUCHER
Good night, darling!
(turns back to
Freddy)
Good night, Herr Doktor.

FREDDY
Good night, Frau Blucher.

She leaves. From outside -- just after the words
"Frau Blucher" -- the SOUND OF HORSES REARING.

Freddy watches as Frau Blucher closes the door. Then he
looks at:

THE PORTRAIT OF VICTOR

35

Freddy goes to the chaise lounge and begins to unpack. He
HEARS a strange musical sound coming from outside. He goes
to the window and looks up.

CUT TO:

A TURRET AT THE TOP OF THE CASTLE

Igor sits in the window blowing a ram's horn. The series of notes repeats hypnotically, and then, inevitably, it segues into some "COOL BLUES."

Igor plays, through his open window, to:

CUT TO:

CLOUDS PASSING ACROSS A FULL MOON (STOCK)

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE

Deadly SILENCE. As the CAMERA PANS from the moon, SLOWLY BACK through Freddy's window and across his room, suddenly -- from the deep recesses of the castle -- a violin is HEARD playing: the EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY.

As the CAMERA REACHES FREDDY, he is tossing restlessly in bed.

FREDDY

(in his nightmare)

I'm not a Frankenstein. I am not a Frankenstein. I'm a Fronkonsteen! Don't give me that -- I don't believe in fate, and I won't say it. I won't, I tell you. I will-not-say-it. All right...all right... all right, you win.

'Give me a 'D!!' Now give me an 'E.' Give me an 'S!!' Give me a 'T!!' Give me an 'I!!' Now give me an 'N,' and I mean I WANT TO REALLY HEAR IT. Now give me a 'Y' and what have we got? DES - TI - NY! DES - TI - NY! NO ES - CA - PING, THAT'S FOR ME.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Dr. Fronkonsteen! DR. FRONKONSTEEN, wake up!

Inga -- dressed in nightgown and robe -- stands over Freddy.

FREDDY

(waking)

What is it?

INGA

You were having a nightmare.

FREDDY
(listening)
What's that strange music?

INGA
I don't know -- it woke me up. That's why I came into your room.

FREDDY
(getting his robe from the chaise lounge)
Funny -- I wonder what it could be at this hour?

INGA
It seems to be coming from behind the bookcase.

Freddy walks to the bookcase, puts his ear against some books and then feels for some hidden button or handle.

FREDDY
Hand me one of those candles!

Inga takes a candle from a wall sconce. She turns back to Freddy.

INGA'S P.O.V. - HE IS GONE!

INGA
Doctor -- where are you?

FREDDY'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Put -- the candle -- back!

Inga places the candle back into the sconce. As she does so, the middle section of the bookcase TURNS A FAST 360 DEGREES, REVEALING FREDDY for a fleeting moment, and then returning as it was. Freddy is gone.

FREDDY'S VOICE
(o.s.)
All right -- I think I've got it figured out. Take the candle out again, and I'll block the bookcase with my body.

Inga takes the candle from the sconce.

The bookcase TURNS A FAST 359 DEGREES. ONLY FREDDY'S ARM CAN BE SEEN, sticking out from the bookcase.

Cont.

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Now listen to me very carefully.
Don't put the candle back! With all
 of your might -- push against the
 other side of the bookcase.

Inga sets the candle down on a table, backs up a few feet, and then hurls herself against the other side of the bookcase. The bookcase TURNS BACKWARDS, HURLING FREDDY OUT, as is from a revolving door.

FREDDY

(probably from the bed)

Good girl.

FREDDY'S P.O.V. - INGA IS GONE!

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Put the candle back, Doctor.

Freddy picks up the candle and "touch taps" the bottom of the sconce. The bookcase STOPS and STARTS in jerks until he has it at a ninety degree angle, BRINGING INGA BACK into the room and REVEALING A DARK, NARROW STAIRWAY.

INGA

(looking at the
stairway)

Doctor -- look!

FREDDY

Whatever that music is -- it's coming from down there. Give me that candle.

INGA

Let me come with you, Doctor --
please! I don't want to stay up
here alone.

FREDDY

All right, then, quietly. Close
your robe and stay right behind me.

They enter the secret passage.

INT. SECRET PASSAGE

Freddy, holding the candle above them, follows the MUSIC down a narrow, winding stairway. The source of the music gets closer and closer as the candlelight leads them down, down, down...their arms brushing against the cobwebbed walls.

Cont.

They pass a HUGE WOODEN DOOR with an iron barred window. Dead vines creep in from the outside. They walk down a few more steps.

QUICK CUT TO:

A RAT

42

staring at them.

They freeze.

The Rat scurries o.s.

Freddy and Inga continue down until they reach a landing with a door. Freddy takes hold of the doorknob.

IT CRUMBLES in his hand like dust.

He gently pushes against the steel door. It CREAKS slowly open. The violin MUSIC suddenly STOPS!. Freddy and Inga enter:

INT. FOYER OF LABORATORY

43

They approach a shelf that is lined with SKULLS. The skulls can barely be seen until Freddy holds the candle to them.

THE 1ST SKULL

44

is completely decayed and shows only bone. Underneath the skull, A LABEL reads:

"11 MONTHS DEAD"

INGA

Uhhhhh!

Freddy holds the candle to:

THE 2ND LABEL. It reads:

"8 MONTHS DEAD"

THE SKULL ABOVE is 3/4's decayed. Some patches of skin still cling.

Freddy holds the candle to the 3RD LABEL. It reads:

"4 MONTHS DEAD"

THE SKULL ABOVE is half-decayed. One eyeball is still in its socket. A little hair is still left on the crown.

Cont.

Freddy holds the candle to the 4TH LABEL. It reads:
 "FRESHLY DEAD"

Freddy moves the light to see the skull above. We SEE:
 IGOR'S HEAD 45

his face screwed up into a grotesque mask of agony. It looks as if his head is on the shelf, but actually he is standing just behind it.

IGOR
 Aiiiiiiiiii...
 (breaks into song)
 ...ain't got no-body.

FREDDY
Ayegor!

IGOR
Froderick!

FREDDY
 How did you get here?

IGOR
 Through the dumbwaiter. I heard the
 strangest music in the upstairs
 kitchen and just followed it down.

INGA
 There must have been someone else
 down here, then.

FREDDY
 It seems that way. Aren't there
 any lights in this place?

IGOR
 Two nasty looking switches over there,
 but I wasn't going to be the first.

They STEP DOWN a few steps.

INT. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY

46

Freddy throws the first switch. OPEN-ENDED ELECTRICAL CURRENTS SHOOT OUT ALL OVER. They cover their eyes

Freddy turns off the first switch and then throws the other one.

"NORMAL" LIGHTS GO ON.

Now the Lab can be SEEN in all its old splendor, but thick in dust and spiders' webs.

THEIR P.O.V. - THE LABORATORY

INGA

(o.s.)

Oooh!

FREDDY

(o.s.)

So this is where it all happened.
What a filthy mess.

IGOR

(o.s.)

I don't know -- a little paint,
a few flowers.

The CAMERA returns to our Threesome.

FREDDY

Did you see anyone else down here?

IGOR

No, but when I first came in, there
was a light coming from behind that
door.

A HUGE DOOR is open a crack.

They all tiptoe to the door.

A SHADOW CAN BE SEEN DISAPPEARING quickly as we HEAR some
footsteps running.

They all look at each other, then Freddy grabs the door and
pulls it open.

BATS COME FLYING OUT, terrifying Inga.

They walk slowly into:

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

By the light of Freddy's candle, they see a small, creepy
room filled with musty books. There is a table in the center
of the stone floor. On the table there is a large book, an
ashtray with a smoldering cigar, and a VIOLIN AND BOW.

INGA

(seeing the violin)

Look, Doctor!

Cont.

FREDDY

Well, this explains the music.

INGA

But who was playing it?

FREDDY

I don't know, but whoever it was
barely finished putting out his
cigar. It's still smoldering.

(to Igor)

Let me smell your breath.

Igor exhales in Freddy's face. Freddy nearly passes out.

IGOR

Garlic toast.

FREDDY

(looking around the room)
What is this place?

IGOR

Must be the music room.

INGA

There's nothing but books and papers.

FREDDY

I wonder...

He looks at the large book lying on the table. He puts his
candle over the cover. A CRACK OF LIGHTNING as we SEE:

CLOSE SHOT - BOOK

49

"HOW I DID IT" BY VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

FREDDY

It is! This was my grandfather's
private library. Look at this!

IGOR

(reading the cover)
'How I did It.' Good title!
Always sells.

FREDDY

Funny it should just be lying out
here on the table. I wonder what
kind of alchemistic drivel this is?

Cont.

FREDDY (Cont.)
 (opens to the first
 page; reading aloud)
 'Whence, I often asked myself, did
 the principles of life proceed?
 To examine the causes of life...
 we must first have recourse to
 death.' God, what a madman.

A LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER. Freddy's candle almost blows out
 from a draft.

INGA
 Oh, Doctor!

FREDDY
 Perhaps we'd better leave.

IGOR
 Taking the book along?

FREDDY
 Yes, I think we could all use a
 good laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB

50

Freddy is convulsed with laughter.

FREDDY
 The man was a raisin cake.

Inga and Igor stare passively. The three of them are
 drinking tea. More water is boiling in a glass beaker.

FREDDY
 (realizing)
 '...and as soon as the dazzling light
 vanished, the oak tree had
 disappeared. I knew then that
 electricity and galvanism had
 changed my life.' TOOT-Y-FRUTTI!

ANOTHER LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

As Freddy goes on reading, the CAMERA TRAVELS UP, UP, UP...
 THROUGH the giant laboratory...as if to seek the source of
 the THUNDER we HEAR:

Cont.

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'When I look back now, it seems to me as if this almost miraculous event obliterated any last effort by the spirit of preservation to avert the storm that was even then hanging in the stars.'

MORE THUNDER.

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

He kills me! THIS GUY KILLS ME!

The CAMERA FINDS an opening in the ceiling -- an opening through which bodies might be elevated. THUNDER CLOUDS CAN BE SEEN as the CAMERA PASSES THROUGH the opening and into the night air.

FREDDY'S LAUGHTER is still HEARD from below. There is a GIANT CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING -- as if in reply to his mocking.

Now the CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN. Time has passed and Freddy's voice is hoarse and more intense.

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'Until, from the midst of this darkness, a sudden light broke in upon me -- a light so brilliant and wondrous, and yet so simple!'

The CAMERA HAS REACHED FREDDY. His eyes are burning; he reads almost feverishly. Inga and Igor are half asleep. The candles are burned way down.

FREDDY

(reading)

'Change the poles from plus to minus
and from minus to plus!'

(howls insanely)

'I alone succeeded in discovering the cause of generation of life.'

(doubles over in laughter)

'Nay, even more -- I, myself, became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter.'

He laughs, he laughs, he laughs...then SMASHES his teacup against a wall.

Cont.

FREDDY

It could work!

A TUMULTUOUS CLAP OF THUNDER.

CUT TO:

IGOR'S FACE

51

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. He wears a quizzical smile.

CUT TO:

INGA'S FACE

52

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. She is frightened, yet in awe.

CUT TO:

FRAU BLUCHER'S FACE

53

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. She is SMOKING A CIGAR.

CUT TO:

PORTRAIT OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

54

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. He is smiling.

CUT TO:

BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN'S COFFIN

55

illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. The lid of the coffin OPENS. We see:

THE SKELETON OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN

56

BEAUFORT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

OHHHH SHIT!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

57

A beautiful, sunlit morning. Birds are CHIRPING. The long dining table is bordered on one side by French windows and on the other by a large stone fireplace.

Freddy, Inga and Igor are having breakfast. Freddy, dressed in riding boots and tweed jacket with suede-patched elbows, is reading from the "great book." Inga eats and listens. Igor draws, as he listens, on a large drawing pad.

FREDDY

(reading)

'As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I resolved to make the Creature of a gigantic stature.' Of course! That would simplify everything!

INGA

In other words, his veins, his feet, his hands, his organs... would all have to be increased in size.

FREDDY

Exactly!

INGA

He would have an enormous schwanzstucker.

FREDDY

That goes without saying.

IGOR

He's going to be very popular.

FREDDY

So then!

(throws his napkin onto the table in excitement)

What we're aiming for is a being approximately seven feet in height, with all features either congenitally or artificially proportionate in size.

Igor crosses to the fireplace and hooks his drawing pad over a protruding spike that holds a bellows.

IGOR

Something like this?

Freddy and Inga join Igor at the center of the fireplace to look at the drawing. They, and we, SEE a crude but impressive...

SKETCH OF THE "CREATURE"

58

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Hullo!...You've caught something there. Crude -- yes! Primitive -- yes! Yet something tells me that this might...be...our...man. By thunder, the dogs have got the scent and the hunt is on! Quickly now! There's a storm coming up. We've not a moment to lose.

THUNDER

As we HEAR Freddy, Igor and Inga leave the room -- our eyes STILL ON THE SKETCH -- a spiral of wind gusts down the chimney and causes the drawing to MOVE, SWINGING SIDEWISE, back and forth, back and forth, as the wind from the approaching storm grows stronger.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BODY

59

swinging from a gibbet. Pull back to reveal:

EXT. PRISON GIBBET - A GRAY NIGHT

60

RAIN is falling. A freshly executed Body is swinging back and forth in the same rhythm as the drawing. A black hood covers its head. TWO GRAVE DIGGERS and a GUARD stand watching from below.

1ST GRAVE DIGGER
Look at him swinging.

2ND GRAVE DIGGER
(singing)
He's swing-ing in the rain...

The Guard cuffs the 2nd Grave Digger.

GUARD
Shut your filthy mouth...blasphemer!
Let's not forget he had a mother.

Cont.

1ST GRAVE DIGGER
 Not this one. Ee 'ad no muver.
 (spits)
 Murderer!

GUARD
 Never mind that. Cut him down!
 It's a long, cold ride to the
 prison cemetery.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRISON CEMETERY - NIGHT

61

The rain has stopped. GUSTS OF WIND blow LEAVES across the tombstones. Through an iron gate, TWO DARK FIGURES peer through rails and watch the burial. (One of them has a hunched back.)

The Two Grave Diggers are just filling in the last dirt and patting it down.

GUARD
 That's good enough for the likes of him.

1ST GRAVE DIGGER
 Let's get out uv 'ere. This place gives me the creeps.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

FREDDY AND IGOR

62

knee-deep in the grave, shoveling the dirt out.

FREDDY
 What a filthy job!

IGOR
 Could be worse.

FREDDY
 How?

IGOR
 Could start raining again.

A CRACK OF THUNDER.

IT POURS.

Freddy stares at Igor.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Freddy and Igor are racing through the cobblestoned street, wheeling a cart. On the cart is a long, rectangular hulk, loosely covered by canvas.

Suddenly, they strike a bump and the COFFIN GOES SLIDING OFF. AN ARM STICKS OUT from the coffin.

They pick up the coffin and place it back onto the cart. The "Arm" REMAINS OUT. Igor kneels down to pick up the fallen canvas.

FREDDY

(trying not to panic)

Hurry!...For God's sake, hurry!

VOICE

(o.s.)

NEED A HAND?

Freddy whips around and sees:

A CONSTABLE

Freddy, seeing that the "Arm" is sticking straight out towards the Constable, quickly tucks his own arm behind his back -- making it appear as if the "Arm" were coming out of his own right shoulder.

FREDDY

(politely)

No, thank you. I have one.
Thanks all the same.

CONSTABLE

Just a minute, sir. I know everyone in this neighborhood, but I've never seen your face before. Can you account for yourself?

FREDDY

I am Dr. Frederick Fronkonsteen, newly arrived from America.

CONSTABLE

Oh, yes -- I was told you were here. Well...I'm Constable Henry, sir. Pleased to meet you.

Cont.

Constable Henry extends his hand for Freddy to shake. Freddy stamps twice with his foot as a signal to the still hidden Igor.

Igor -- in perfect time -- LIFTS THE "ARM" UP AND DOWN from its elbow so that it shakes hands with the Constable.

FREDDY

How very nice to meet you, Constable.

CONSTABLE

(feeling the "Hand")
Oh, you're chilled to the bone, sir.
A nice warm fire is the thing for you.
(lets go of the "Hand")
A nip from the old bottle wouldn't
be such a bad idea either, would it,
sir?

FREDDY

Yes, yes. That's the ticket.

CONSTABLE

Well, if you have everything
in hand, I'll say good-night
to you.

FREDDY

Thank you very much.

CONSTABLE

(saluting)
At your service, sir. Always.

Freddy stamps his foot twice.

The "Arm" salutes.

CONSTABLE
Good-night, sir.

FREDDY
Good-night, Constable.

Freddy looks down at Igor.

In an ensemble moment, the Constable leaves, Igor opens the lid and throws the "Arm" back in, while Freddy covers the coffin with the canvas.

Igor and Freddy race the cart o.s.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Freddy and Igor are just finishing putting a sheet over the Body, which rests on an operating table.

FREDDY

Magnificent! Oh, what an awesome sight. What a profound and reverent night is this. With such a specimen for a body -- all we need now is an equally magnificent brain.

(looks at Igor)
You know what to do!?

IGOR

I have a pretty good idea.

Igor glances at the Movie Audience for a moment.

FREDDY

You have the name I wrote down?

IGOR

(looking at the
cuff of his sleeve),
Dr. H. Delbruck.

FREDDY

I want that brain.

IGOR

Was he any good?

FREDDY

Was he any good??? He was the finest natural philosopher, internal diagnostician and chemical therapist of this century.

IGOR

How did he die?

FREDDY

(sadly lowering his
head)
V.D.

IGOR

Bad break.

FREDDY

But I'm sure his brain is still capable of functioning.

Cont.

IGOR

But are you sure it's still in
the depositary?

FREDDY

He died only two weeks ago -- I'm
positive they'll still have it.
Hurry now! I'll prepare the body.

Igor starts to leave. Freddy grabs Igor's right hand.

FREDDY

Be very careful with that brain.

IGOR

(looking at the hand
that Freddy holds up)
You can put your trust in this hand.

Freddy lets go of Igor's hand and Igor walks away, KNOCKING
OVER A GLASS BEAKER WITH HIS RIGHT HAND.

Igor quickly holds up his other hand.

IGOR

This one.

Igor is gone. Freddy goes to a small table of instruments
near the operating table and prepares a hypodermic.

Now he pulls the Body's right arm out from the sheet,
raises it upright and rolls down its sleeve. As he cleans
a vein with alcohol and cotton, he gazes at the immensity
of the Hand. A sudden thought twists through his brain.
Freddy intertwines his own right hand with that of the
Body's and gets set for an "Indian Arm Wrestle."

Freddy forces the dead arm down...with great difficulty.

FREDDY

Magnificent! And so is he. Dare
I bring such a monstrous creature
back to life? What havoc might I
wreak upon this unsuspecting world.
Well...

(slaps his hands
together)
...we'll take a chance!

Freddy begins to inject the Arm.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON A HOSPITAL DOOR

The upper half of the door is made of glass. On the glass is printed:

B R A I N D E P O S I T A R Y

AFTER 5:00 P.M. SLIP BRAINS

THROUGH SLOT IN DOOR

The SHADOW of a Man can be SEEN silhouetted from inside the Depository. The Shadow has a large hump on his back.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPOSITORY - NIGHT

LOW THUNDER

A row of brains in jars, under domes, rests on a long, narrow table.

Igor tiptoes slowly, examining the labels on each glass dome.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS (Physicist)	CORNELIUS AGRIPPA (Natural Philosopher)	LAWRENCE TALBOT (Hematologist)
--------------------------------	--	-----------------------------------

Then he comes to:

HANS DELBRUCK
(Scientist & Saint)

Igor approaches the glass dome, lifts it off, and takes the jar containing the brain of Hans Delbruck.

As he turns to go, he SEES HIMSELF in a full length mirror. He drops the jar in fright.

He looks down and sees the gooky mess of brain and glass.

He looks at the Movie Audience.

IGOR
Funny thing is...I tried!

He looks quickly at the "Brain Table," grabs a jar from under the glass dome nearest to him and leaves.

On the glass dome -- whose contents Igor has just taken -- is printed:

DO NOT USE THIS BRAIN!

"ABNORMAL"

CUT TO:

THE SKY

An electrical storm is building in the distance.

Pointed towards the sky, the CAMERA now TRAVELS DOWN, THROUGH A SMALL OPENING at the top of the Laboratory's ceiling. As it CONTINUES DOWN, we HEAR: ELECTRICITY SPARKING, CENTRIFUGES WHIRRING, WHEELS BUZZING, CHEMICALS in beakers BUBBLING.

Now the CAMERA DRIFTS PAST archaic scientific equipment and COMES TO REST on a giant PAIR OF SHOES with iron soles.

We move slowly up two enormous legs -- held down by leather straps to the operating table.

The giant torso is similarly strapped.

At last we see -- for the first time:

THE CREATURE'S FACE

There are stitches across his neck and stitches circling the crown of his skull where the new brain has been inserted.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

He's hideous.

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

He's beautiful.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Freddy and Inga standing over the Monster. Freddy is wearing a long, white surgeon's gown and surgeon's mask.

FREDDY

...and he is mine.

(looks up and shouts)

READY??

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF

Igor stands on the roof, flying two kites. He is wearing rubber boots, rubber gloves and a rubber whaler's coat and hat.

IGOR

You're sure this is how they did it?

FREDDY

Yes, yes! It's all written down in the notes. Now tie off the kites to the lightning attractor and come down as fast as you can.

IGOR

What's the hurry?

FREDDY

There's the possibility of electrocution. Do you understand?

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

71

FREDDY

I say -- DO YOU UNDERSTAND???

Igor appears, standing right behind him.

IGOR

I understand, I understand -- why are you shouting?

FREDDY

(a little confused)
Did you tie off the kites?

IGOR

Of course.

FREDDY

All right, good! Check the generator.

Igor walks over to the generator.

Freddy checks the dials of a "Battery Indicator" which is connected to the Monster's head.

FREDDY

Can you imagine that brain in this body?

EXTREME CLOSEUP - FREDDY'S HAND

72

Inga's hand comes into FRAME and touches it.

INGA

Oh, Frederick...you're not only
a great doctor, you're a great...
you're almost a...

FREDDY

A god??

INGA

Yes.

FREDDY

I know.

A CRACK OF THUNDER.

FREDDY

This is the moment! All right...
ELEVATE ME!

INGA

Now? Right here??

FREDDY

Yes! Raise the platform, hurry.

INGA

Oh! Yes, doctor.

Inga goes over to Igor and, together, they turn a giant wheel. The platform, with Freddy and the Creature on it, RISES towards the opening in the ceiling.

FREDDY

(as he is going up)

From that fateful day when stinking bits of slime first crawled from the sea and shouted to the cold stars: 'I - AM - MAN!' -- our greatest dread has always been the knowledge of our own mortality. But now, on this night, we shall hurl the gauntlet of science into the frightful face of our ancient enemy. Tonight we shall do battle with Death; we shall ascend into the Heavens; we shall command the thunders; we shall mock the earthquake; we shall harness the lightning and penetrate into the very womb of impervious nature herself.

IGOR

You're sure we can get this all done tonight?

Cont.

FREDDY

Yes! When I give the word --
throw the first switch!

IGOR

You've got it, master.

The platform rises higher and higher. The ceiling opens to its fullest. RAIN starts to come down on Freddy.

FREDDY

Get ready!

The platform nears the opening.

FREDDY

Get set!

The platform rises through the opening and then stops. Now Freddy is out in the open air, on the roof.

EXT. ROOF

74

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING and a CRACK OF THUNDER.

FREDDY

GO!

INT. LABORATORY

75

Igor throws the first switch.

SPARKS and CURRENTS fly.

CUT TO:

57
THE CREATURE'S FACE 76

LIGHTNING illuminates its frozen image.

Freddy is getting drenched. He checks the "battery indicator."

FREDDY
Throw the second switch!

INT. LABORATORY 77

IGOR
(throwing the switch)
This guy means business.

EXT. ROOF 78

More THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

The CREATURE'S EYELIDS are still closed. A few twitches course through its body.

FREDDY
Throw the third switch!

INT. LABORATORY 79

IGOR
Not the third switch???

EXT. ROOF 80

FREDDY
(drenched to the skin)
THROW IT, I SAY! THROW IT!

INT. LABORATORY 81

Igor puts his hands on a switch marked:

"THE WORKS"

He throws the switch.

The Laboratory is an electrical circus.

IGOR AND INGA 82

shield their eyes from the blinding lights.

EXT. ROOF 83

FREDDY
LIFE! LIFE, DO YOU HEAR ME?
GIVE -- MY -- CREATION -- LIFE!!

THE CREATURE'S FACE

FIVE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING. "BOOM," "BOOM," "BOOM," "BOOM," "BOOM!" With each bolt, the Creature GLOWS -- as if from inside.

FREDDY

All right -- turn everything off
and bring me down!

INT. LABORATORY

Inga turns the giant wheel the other way.

Igor throws back the three switches.

THE LIGHTS RETURN TO NORMAL.

Inga and Igor watch Freddy and the platform descend. Black wisps of smoke rise up from the Creature's body. When the platform reaches the floor, ALL EYES ARE ON THE "BODY."

Freddy, soaked to the skin, places a stethoscope on the Creature's heart and listens.

FREDDY

Nothing!

INGA

Oh, Doctor.

FREDDY

(crushed)

No, no. Be of good cheer! If science teaches us anything, it teaches us to accept our failures as well as our successes, with quiet dignity and grace.

He looks once more, sadly, at the lifeless Body. Then grabs it by the throat and begins shaking it.

FREDDY

SON OF A BITCH BASTARD -- WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?

INGA

Doctor! Doctor! Stop! You'll kill him.

Inga and Igor drag Freddy OFF.

FREDDY

I don't want to live -- do you hear me? I DO NOT WANT TO LIVE!

IGOR

(as he passes
the camera)

Quiet dignity and grace!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MEETING HALL - NIGHT

86

The "Meeting Hall" is actually a children's classroom. One row of **ELDERS** -- most of them asleep -- sit on a high bench, facing a room filled with little desk and chair combinations, at which sit **VILLAGERS**. The Elders wear "Elders Hats" with tassels. Whenever a Villager wishes to speak, he raises his hand for permission.

A heated argument is in progress.

1ST ELDER

BULL SHEISE!

1ST VILLAGER

But it's true, sir. They're doing it again.

1ST ELDER

Vicious rumors and superstition! I will not have the townspeople getting all their old fears aroused because one or two of you 'thought' he saw or 'thought' he heard. Damn it, man -- we'll have a riot on our hands.

The 2ND VILLAGER RAISES HIS HAND.

1ST ELDER.

Yes, Karl?

2ND VILLAGER

(rising)

Well, sir -- I'm not superstitious and I'm not given to vague fears. But on my way home last night I saw what used to be the old laboratory fairly bursting with flashing lights and electrical sparks, going every which way.

Cont.

2ND ELDER
(the only other Elder
who seems to be awake)
Poppycock!

2ND VILLAGER
It weren't poppycock, sir. It were
real. William here was walking right
beside me and he saw it, too.

1ST ELDER
Is this true?

The 3RD VILLAGER RAISES HIS HAND.

The 1ST ELDER nods his permission for 3rd Villager to speak.

3RD VILLAGER
(rising)
Yes, sir -- it's just as Karl here
says. It were real enough...as
real as you and me.

2ND ELDER
OH TOSH! This man is different,
I tell you. You can see that just
by talking with him for five minutes.

1ST VILLAGER RAISES HIS HAND.

1ST ELDER nods his permission.

1ST VILLAGER
(rising)
He's a Frankenstein, sir. And
they're all the same. It's in the
blood, sir. They can't help it.
All these scientists is alike...
they say they're working for us,
but what they really want is to
rule the world!

2ND AND 3RD VILLAGER
Aye! That's right!

1ST ELDER
NOW THAT'S ENOUGH! I will not allow
this meeting to become a free-for-all.
These are very serious charges you're
making. All the more painful to us
-- your Elders -- because we still have
nightmares from five times before. We
haven't heard from the one man here
most qualified to judge this situation

1ST ELDER (Cont.)
 fairly. He, more than any of us, has learned, through personal misfortune, to remain calm and objective in his quiet but constant pursuit of Justice. INSPECTOR KEMP... would you speak to us please?

INSPECTOR KEMP sits in his chair at the back of the room, next to a pot belly stove. His arms are folded. An unlit cigarette dangles from his cigarette holder.

He calmly uncrosses his right WOODEN ARM, sticks one finger INTO the stove until it catches fire, then lights his cigarette with his burning finger. He calmly dunks his burning finger into a beer stein. It "HISSSSSSS" out.

INSPECTOR KEMP
 A riot is an ugly thing. And once you get one started...there's little chance of stopping it, short of bloodshed. Before we go running about killing people, we'd better make damned sure of our facts.

Various GROANS from the Villagers.

The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN on Kemp's face during the following.

INSPECTOR KEMP
 I think what's in order, is for me to pay a visit on our good doctor, and have a nice quiet chat.

2ND VILLAGER
 But, sir -- meanin' no disrespect, sir -- but what if, durin' the course a your 'lil chat, you should find out that we was right all along? What would we do then?

INSPECTOR KEMP
 Kill him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

87

Freddy, Inga and Igor sit at a long dining room table, set with food and wine. Freddy stares into space.

Cont.

FREDDY
Reputation. Reputation!

INGA

Oh, doctor...you mustn't do
this! You've got to stop
thinking about it. Why look!
...You haven't even touched your
food.

Freddy lays his hand on top of his food.

FREDDY

There! Now I've touched it...
happy? How can you expect me to
think about food when that poor
creature is lying there -- lifeless!
That's Hans Delbruck lying there --
don't you understand? That's not
just any Tom, Dick or Harry -- that's
Hans!

Freddy lays his head down on the table.

INGA

But, Frederick...what more could
you have done?

FREDDY

I don't know. I don't know.

IGOR

I'll never forget my ol' Dad when
these things used to happen to
him -- the things he'd say to me.

FREDDY

(looking up)
What did he say?

IGOR

'What the hell are you doing in that
bathroom night and day? Get outta
there -- give someone else a chance!'

FREDDY

Oh maybe it's better this way.
That poor, grotesque hulk...
maybe it is better off dead.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT 63
THE HAND 88
lies motionless. Suddenly...the FINGERS MOVE.
The camera travels up the body to:
THE HEAD 89
Its eyelids flutter.
CUT TO:
DINING ROOM 90
Inga, Igor and Freddy are eating dessert.
IGOR
What is this?
FREDDY
Schwarzwalder Kirschtorte.
Seeping in from the Laboratory, we HEAR: "MMMMMMmmmmmmmm."
FREDDY
(to Igor)
Oh, do you like it? I'm not partial
to desserts, but this is excellent.
IGOR
Who are you talking to?
FREDDY
To you! You just made a 'yummy'
sound, so I thought you liked
the dessert.
IGOR
I didn't make a 'yummy' sound -- I
just asked what it was.
FREDDY
But you did! -- I just heard it.
IGOR
It wasn't me.
Freddy looks at Inga.
INGA
It wasn't me.

Cont.

FREDDY

Their eyeballs meet in the center of the room.

INT. LABORATORY

91

They burst into the room. What we may at last call THE MONSTER is straining, tentatively, against the straps. His head is raised.

MONSTER

MMMMMM? I ?

FREDDY
It's alive!

Oh, Doctor!

IGOR

FREDDY

IGOR

FREDDY
I suppose you're right. Inga!
Prepare a sedative...just in
case.

INGA

Horse! - FREDDY

Inga goes to a medicine case and prepares a hypodermic, pulling the plunger back as far as it will go.

The Monster raises its head and makes little circles with its hands, asking to be "free."

Cont.

FREDDY

It wants to talk. It wants us to take off the straps. It wants to be free.

IGOR

It wants! It wants! It's always 'it wants.' What about 'we' wants?

FREDDY

But don't you see?...The brain of Hans Delbruck is inside that body -- pleading with us. I've got to release that brain.

IGOR

Okay -- just keep the body tied down.

FREDDY

All right...stand back!

Freddy carefully walks up to the Monster and stands over him. The Monster is silent, feeling his way.

FREDDY

Hello there.

MONSTER

MMMMmmmmmmmm.

FREDDY

How's everything?

MONSTER

(just a suggestion of "not so good")

MMmmmmmm.

FREDDY

I'm going to untie you -- can you understand that?

MONSTER

(a soft, "crying" sound)

MMmmmm! MMmmmm!

Cont.

FREDDY

Yes, I'm going to set you free.
(to Inga)
Is the sedative ready?

INGA

Yes, Doctor.

Freddy takes the strap across the Monster's thighs and unties it. Then he unties the strap across its chest...and steps back. ALL EYES ARE ON THE MONSTER. TINGLY MUSIC. The Monster looks at them all for a moment while he is still lying down. A slightly sly grin comes to his mouth. He rises...slowly, carefully, to a sitting position.

MONSTER

(a low, suspicious
groan)

MMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmm.

FREDDY

(holding out his hands)
GIVE -- ME -- YOUR -- HANDS!

The Monster slowly extends both arms towards Freddy...whether to comply or to strangle him, we are not sure. Freddy takes the Monster's hands and leads him in his first, stiff steps.

INGA

(whispering, as she
backs away)

Oh, Doctor...I'm frightened.

Igor nervously takes out a cigarette from his pocket. He strikes a match, and:

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

FREDDY

(to the Monster)
What is it? What's the matter??

The Monster grabs Freddy's throat.

FREDDY

Quick, give him the --

The Monster squeezes. Freddy can't make a sound. The Monster relaxes his hands for a split second.

Cont.

FREDDY
Quick, give him the --

The Monster tightens his hands, Freddy can't make a sound.

IGOR
WHAT? GIVE HIM THE WHAT??

Freddy points desperately to the Monster's arm.

IGOR
Arm! Give him the Arm!

Freddy shakes his head "no." He pushes his thumb against his two forefingers -- miming the giving of an injection.

IGOR
Give him a ciagrette?!

Freddy shakes his head "no" and holds up three fingers.

IGOR
Three syllables!

Freddy nods "yes." He holds up one finger.

IGOR
First syllable.

Freddy cups his hand to his ear.

IGOR
Sounds like...

Freddy points to his head.

INGA
Head!

Freddy nods "yes."

INGA
Sounds like 'head.'

IGOR
(after thinking)
Is it...HEAD!!?

Freddy shakes his head "no."

INGA
Said?

Cont.

Freddy nods "yes," jubilantly.

INGA AND IGOR
Said!

Freddy holds up two fingers.

INGA
Second syllable!

Freddy mimes "tiny" with his fingers.

INGA
Little word!

Freddy nods "yes."

INGA
The?

Freddy shakes his head "no."

IGOR
A?

Freddy touches his nose.

IGOR
'On the nose.' Said -- a -- ...

INGA
Said -- a...

IGOR
DIRTY WORD! He said a dirty
word!?

Freddy shakes his head "no" and cups his hand to his ear.

INGA AND IGOR
Sounds like...

Freddy mimes "give."

IGOR
MAMMY!

Freddy shakes his head "no." He repeats "give."

INGA
Sounds like HERE!

Cont.

Freddy shakes his head "no."

IGOR

TAKE?!

Freddy shakes his head "no." He repeats "give."

INGA

GIVE?

Freddy nods "yes" furiously.

IGOR

SAID -- A -- GIVE!?? Give him
a 'said-a-give!'

Freddy shakes his head "no."

INGA

'TIVE!' SEDATIVE!

Freddy weakly points to his nose.

IGOR

On the nosey.

Inga runs to the table and gets the hypodermic. Then runs back and jams it into the Monster's tush.

The Monster's eyes FREEZE. Then he looks at each of them... his hands still clutching Freddy's neck. Then he COLLAPSES like a giant tree.

INGA

(rushing to the
half-conscious Freddy)

Frederick...are you all right??

FREDDY

(to Igor)

May I speak to you for a moment?

IGOR

Of course.

FREDDY

Now I promise you I won't be
angry. All I ask for...is the
truth. Is that fair?

Cont.

IGOR

Why certainly.

FREDDY

That brain that you gave me...
was it Hans Delbruck's?

IGOR

...Not exactly?

FREDDY

(holding back his rage)
Could you be more specific?

IGOR

Well, if push came to shove...I
would have to say...no!

FREDDY

Ah! Would you mind telling me...
whose brain I did put in?

IGOR

And you won't be angry?

FREDDY

I won't be angry.

IGOR

Abbey someone.

FREDDY

Abbey?? Abbey who?

IGOR

Abbey normal.

FREDDY

ABBEY NORMAL???

IGOR

I'm almost sure that was the
name.

FREDDY

(grabbing Igor's throat)
I put -- an abnormal brain -- into
a seven-and-a-half foot long,
fourty-four inch wide GORILLA??

Cont.

IGOR
Quick, give him the...

Freddy's hands tighten around Igor's neck. There is a:
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

FREDDY
Who could that be at this hour?

IGOR
I'm glad he didn't get angry.
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

FREDDY
Inga! -- Quick! See who that is.

Inga starts for the stairs.

FREDDY
(to Igor)
Put this 'Thing' back on the table. And strap him down -- tightly!

Freddy starts off.

IGOR
Where are you going?

FREDDY
To wash up! I've got to look normal. We've all of us...got to behave normally. No one must suspect.

IGOR
(as he prepares to lift the Monster)
He always takes the toughest job.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Inga is opening the front door. Inspector Kemp stands in the doorway.

KEMP
Is the doctor at home, please?

INGA
...Well...he is, but...he's had one heck of a night. Couldn't you call back in the morning?

KEMP
Young lady, I have something of the utmost importance to discuss with him or else, I assure you, I would not be calling at this hour.

Freddy approaches from the stairway, in smoking jacket and pipe.

FREDDY
Is that for me, Inga?

INGA
Oh, I'm sorry, doctor. This gentleman insists upon talking with you.

FREDDY
That's all right, dear. You go to bed now.

INGA
Good night, doctor.

FREDDY
Good night.

Inga leaves.

FREDDY
I am Dr. Baron Frederick von Fronkonsteen, and I am a very normal man. I mean, I'm a very ...tired man, normally, so please be brief.

KEMP
(saluting with his wooden arm)
Horace Wilhelm Friedrich Kemp...
Inspector of Police.

FREDDY

...Come in, Horace! Please!
Don't be a stranger.

KEMP

Thank you.

He lowers his arm, with the help of his other hand.

FREDDY

War wound?

KEMP

No, it was ripped out of its socket
by the fiendish monster your
grandfather created when I was a
child. I thought we might have
a little chat.

FREDDY

Of course! What a pleasant
surprise. Won't you step into
my study?

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

93

A fire is blazing, and a dartboard hangs against one wall.
A silver tray with a decanter of port and two glasses rests
on a nearby table.

Freddy vehemently throws five darts:

ALL BULL'S-EYES

94

FREDDY

HA! Monsters! This is the
twentieth century, Kemp. Monsters
are passe -- like ghosts and
goblins.

Freddy pours himself "another drink." Kemp goes to the
dartboard and pulls out Freddy's darts.

KEMP

Not to the good people of this
village, Herr Doctor. To them...

He jabs all of the darts into his wooden arm, as a holder.

KEMP

...he is a very real thing.

He walks back into throwing position.

Cont.

KEMP

...especially when there is a
Frankenstein residing in this castle.

He throws:

NOT TOO WELL. NOWHERE NEAR THE BULL'S-EYE.

FREDDY

(pulling Kemp's
darts out)

I wouldn't think an intelligent
fellow like you would fall for
all this superstitious rot.

He walks back and prepares to throw.

KEMP

It's not superstition that worries
me, Doctor. It's genes and
chromosomes.

FREDDY

Rubbish!

His first dart misses the board and sticks into a LAMPSHADE.

KEMP

Well you might say. But this is
Transylvania and you are a
Frankenstein.

On "Transylvania" and "Frankenstein," Freddy's second and
third darts CRASH THROUGH TWO DIFFERENT WINDOWS.

KEMP

You seem unusually upset by
this discussion.

FREDDY

Not in the least.

His fourth dart CRASHES THROUGH ANOTHER WINDOW.

FREDDY

I find it extremely amusing,
that's all.

His fifth dart CRASHES THROUGH ANOTHER WINDOW.

FREDDY

Well -- this was fun! And now,
if you don't mind, Inspector,
I'm a little tired.

Freddy refills his glass.

KEMP

(starting for the door)
Then I may give the villagers your complete assurance that you have no interest whatsoever in carrying on in your grandfather's footsteps.

From deep within the castle, we HEAR: "MMMMMMMMMMMMmmmm"

KODAK

(turning back)
May I take that for a 'yes?'

FREDDY

KEMIE

Very well.

Freddy drains his glass of port. Then he picks up another set of darts and begins throwing, passionately.

FREDDY

KEMP
(at the door)
Of course! Until we meet again
...Baron.

FREDDY
(still throwing)
Yes, drop by anytime. We're
always open.

Kemp leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CASTLE - NIGHT

95

Inspector Kemp gets into the back seat of an old car. The door is held open by a uniformed CHAUFFEUR.

The Chauffeur closes the door for Kemp and then gets into the driver's seat.

The CAR STARTS OFF and quietly crawls away on FOUR FLAT TIRES:
a dart in each one.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

76

96

Frau Blucher is leaning over the Monster, who is strapped to the operating table.

The Monster's eyes are closed.

FRAU BLUCHER

What have they done to you? What have they done to you? That's all over now...I'm going to set you free.

The Monster's eyes OPEN.

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes, my suesser kopf -- free!
Would you like that?

The Monster nods a quiet "yes."

FRAU BLUCHER

Of course you would.

She starts to undo the leg straps.

FRAU BLUCHER

They just wanted to hurt you.
But I'm going to help you.

The legs are FREE.

She starts to undo the waist straps.

FRAU BLUCHER

Selfish pigs! First sign of trouble and they panic. What do they know? Bucharest wasn't built in a day.

The waist is free.

She starts to undo the arm straps. Suddenly we HEAR: PEOPLE RUNNING DOWN THE STAIRS.

Freddy, Inga and Igor APPEAR.

FREDDY

Frau Blucher!!

The SOUND of HORSES REARING.

FRAU BLUCHER

Get back! Don't come near him!

Cont.

FREDDY
What are you doing?

FRAU BLUCHER
I'm setting him free.

INGA
No, no -- you mustn't!

FREDDY
Are you crazy?...He'll kill you.

FRAU BLUCHER
No he won't. He's as gentle as
a lamb.

The Monster rips out of the arm straps.

MONSTER
MMMMMM! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

FREDDY
Get back! For the love of God
-- get back!

The Monster starts for Frau Blucher, menacingly.

FRAU BLUCHER
I'm not afraid.

She grabs a VIOLIN AND BOW that were resting out of sight.

FRAU BLUCHER
I know what he likes.

She begins to PLAY: THE EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY.

The Monster STOPS in his tracks.

FRAU BLUCHER
I know what my angel boy likes.

INGA
Doctor! There's that strange
music again.

MONSTER
(soft cries)
MMmmmmmmmm! MMmmmmmmmm!

IGOR
It seems to have stopped the big
fellow in his tracks.

FREDDY
(holding his temples)
That music...

FRAU BLUCHER
Yes...?

The Monster follows Frau Blucher as she plays and BACKS HER WAY up to the stairs. Inga and Igor keep their distance.

FREDDY
That strange, quaintly atonal
folk tune...

FRAU BLUCHER
Yes?...Do you like it?

FREDDY
I don't know. I'm afraid of it,
and yet...

FRAU BLUCHER
And yet...it's in your blood. It's
in the blood of all Franksteins.
It reaches the soul, when words
are useless. Your grandfather
used to play it to the creature
he was making.

MONSTER
(pathetically)
MMmmmmmmmmmm. MMmmmmmmmmmm.

FREDDY
Then it was you, all the time?

FRAU BLUCHER
Yes.

FREDDY
You played that music in the middle
of the night!

FRAU BLUCHER
Yes!

FREDDY
...To get us into the Laboratory!

FRAU BLUCHER
Yes!

FREDDY
That was your cigar smoldering
in the ashtray!

FRAU BLUCHER
Yes!

FREDDY
And it was you who left my
grandfather's book out for me
to find!

FRAU BLUCHER
Yes!!

FREDDY
(looking at the Monster)
So that I would...

FRAU BLUCHER
YES! YES!

FREDDY
Then you and Victor were...

FRAU BLUCHER
Yes! Yes! Yes! Say it!! He --
was -- my -- BOYFRIEND!

Frau Blucher and the Monster have now reached:

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY

FREDDY
But, Frau Blucher -- you don't know
what you're doing. You can't set
this poor, dumb creature out into
the world!...He has a ROTTEN BRAIN!

MONSTER
(turning to Freddy)
MMMMMMmmmmmmmm!

Frau Blucher has reached the huge wooden door with the iron-barred window that leads to the outside. RAIN is pouring in.

FRAU BLUCHER
There's nothing wrong with his
brain that a little sunlight
won't cure.

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

FREDDY
But it's ROTTEN, I tell you --
ROTTEN!!

Cont.

MONSTER
(starting for Freddy)
MMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

IGOR
Ixnay on the ottenray.

FREDDY
Don't you understand? -- He must
be destroyed!

FRAU BLUCHER
NO! Don't listen to him. Here!
(points to the door)
GO! Quickly! GO!!

MONSTER
(confused)
MMmmmmmmmm?

FRAU BLUCHER
Yes -- go! You're free! Free,
do you understand?

The Monster looks out of the window, then back to Frau Blucher
-- who has positioned herself dramatically so that the RAIN
coming through the window HITS HER FACE as she plays.

The Monster tries the door...it's locked. He steps a foot
back and BURSTS THROUGH, carrying the door with him by the
knob.

Freddy steps into the open space where the door was...watching
the Monster disappear. The RAIN falls on him.

FREDDY
COME BACK! COME BACK -- BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!!

FRAU BLUCHER
(still playing)
He's free. FREE!

FREDDY
(to the heavens)
What have I done? GOD IN HEAVEN
-- WHAT HAVE I DONE?

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

Inga rushes into Freddy's arms. They are both in the RAIN.
Freddy reaches out and grabs Igor, pulling him into the rain.

Cont.

FREDDY

(to Igor)

We've got to find him -- do you hear me? We must find him before he kills someone.

FRAU BLUCHER

You'll never catch him now.

FREDDY

CURSE THIS HOUSE!

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

It rains a little harder.

FRAU BLUCHER

He's free!

FREDDY

CURSE THE DAY I EVER CAME HERE!

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

It rains a little harder.

Igor pulls out a fold-up umbrella and holds it over Freddy, Inga and himself.

FRAU BLUCHER

My boy is free!

FREDDY

AND CURSE THE NAME OF FRANKENSTEIN!

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

It rains a little harder.

FRAU BLUCHER

Freeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MONSTER'S FEET - DAY

98

trudging through THE WOODS.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MONSTER'S HANDS

99

CUT TO:

EXT. A WELL - DUSK

100

A LITTLE GIRL, with an angel's face, sits on the edge of a well, humming to herself. She has a small rag doll under her arm and she is throwing flower petals into the well.

CUT TO:

INT. BOTTOM OF THE WELL

101

From the bottom of the well, we SEE the Little Girl, and then: The giant form of the Monster COMES INTO FRAME... blocking out much of the sunlight.

The Little Girl, startled for a moment, DROPS HER DOLL into the well. We SEE it COMING CLOSER and CLOSER as it falls, and then SPLASHES lightly in the water.

LITTLE GIRL

(to the Monster, standing over her)

Oh hello -- my name is Heidi.
Would you like to play with me?

MONSTER

MMMMMM.....

CUT TO:

INT. HEIDI'S COTTAGE - DUSK

102

Heidi's FATHER is boarding up a window. Her MOTHER is ironing.

FATHER

Tank God you put Heidi to bed.
Wis all dese rumors of monsters,
I take no chances. I remember
da last time.

MOTHER

But, Papa -- I told you I was
turning the roastbraten! -- Don't
you remember? I asked you to put
Heidi to bed.

FATHER

(running to an unboarded
window and calling outside)
Mutti! -- Hast du Heidi schlaffen
gelegt?

GRANDMOTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Nein...Ich habes nicht getan.

Terror on the FACES OF THE FATHER AND MOTHER.

FATHER

She must be playing outside still.
(runs OUT)
Oh, my God.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WELL - DUSK

103

The Monster and Heidi are sitting on the edge of the well.

Heidi plucks a petal from a flower and throws it down the well. She throws kisses to it.

HEIDI

(to the petal)
'Bye-bye! 'Bye-bye!

She holds the flower up to the Monster. He plucks a petal and throws it down the well.

HEIDI

Now throw a kiss!

The Monster throws a crude kiss.

HEIDI

Now say 'bye-bye'!

MONSTER

MMmmmm MMmmmm! MMmmmm MMmmmm!

HEIDI

Oh dear!...No more petals on my pretty little flower. What shall we throw in now?

The Monster RISES, PICKS UP HEIDI, and RAISES HER SLOWLY into the air...above the opening of the well.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HEIDI'S COTTAGE - DUSK

104

The Father comes running in, perspired and out of breath.

FATHER

I've searched everywhere...all of our neighbors...no one has seen her. You're sure she's not upstairs?...Maybe she was in da bathroom when you looked!?

MOTHER

But I didn't look upstairs! I thought you did.

FATHER

You didn't look...

They both dash to the stairway.

CUT BACK TO:

HEIDI - HELD UP IN THE AIR

105

The Monster makes one big dropping motion and SETS HER DOWN ON:

EXT. A TEETER TOTTER

106

HEIDI
 (pointing to the
 other end)
 Now you sit down!

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY

107

The Mother and Father are running up the stairs.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. TEETER TOTTER

108

The Monster sits and Heidi FLIES OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY

109

The Mother and Father reach for the doorknob to Heidi's room.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - HEIDI'S BEDROOM

110

Heidi comes SAILING THROUGH HER BEDROOM WINDOW and LANDS IN BED.

She is immediately sleepy and pulls the covers over herself.
 Her bedroom door flings open and Heidi's Father and Mother
 SEE:

HEIDI

111

asleep in bed.

MOTHER
 Dumbkoff...and you were worried.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BLINDMAN'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

112

A fire gives the cottage a shadowy glow. As the CAMERA PANS across the humble objects of a poor man's home, the SOUND of "AVE MARIA" fills the room with inspiration.

The CAMERA COMES TO REST upon a saintly, bearded old BLINDMAN, kneeling in prayer.

BLINDMAN

A visitor is all I ask...a temporary companion...just to help me pass a few short hours of my lonely life.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN. There stands the Monster -- angry!

MONSTER

UNNGHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

BLINDMAN

(to God)
Oh...thank you!

He gets up excitedly and takes the needle OFF of the RECORD he uses as background music for his prayers.

He grabs a cane and hurriedly feels his way to the door.

BLINDMAN

(to the Monster, who is about to strangle him)
Don't speak! Don't say a word!
Just let me touch you, let me feel you, let me hold you, let me smell you -- my joy, my happiness, my prize from Heaven.

(feeling the size of the Monster's hand)
Oh my -- you must have been the tallest one in your class. My name is Herald and I live here all alone. What is your name?

MONSTER

MMmmmmmm.

BLINDMAN

I'm sorry -- I didn't get that.

MONSTER

MMMMMMmmmmmm.

BLINDMAN

Oh! -- forgive me! I didn't realize you were mute. Look how Heaven plans: me, a poor blindman, and you, a... a... an incredibly big mute. But your hands are frozen, my poor child.

BLINDMAN (Cont.)

You must be cold and hungry. How does a cozy fire, a bottle of wine and some nice hot soup sound to you?

MONSTER

(bewildered, but pleased)

MMmmmmmmmmmmmm.

BLINDMAN

God love him! Yes...that's good, isn't it? All right then, come along!

The Blindman shuts the door and leads the Monster to a crude table. On the table rests a LIT CANDLE, a soup spoon, an old wooden cup with handle, and a napkin.

BLINDMAN

You make yourself comfortable over here by the table and I'll get you your soup. I haven't had company for such a long time -- I'm a little nervous.

(starts for the

fireplace, then stops)

You'll find a soup bowl just there...

On "there" he cracks his cane across the Monster's ear, which is very near a wooden shelf.

BLINDMAN

...on top of this shelf.

He is hitting the Monster's head instead of the shelf.

BLINDMAN

Your spoon and cup are already on the table.

He starts back for the fireplace...then TURNS BACK suddenly.

BLINDMAN

Oh salt!

On "salt" he cracks the Monster's other ear.

BLINDMAN

Same place -- next to the soup bowls.

(starts back to the fireplace)

Oh what a fun night this is going to be!

The Blindman goes to a large pot of soup, simmering over the fire, and lifts it by its half-moon wire handle.

BLINDMAN

(as he brings the pot
to the table and sets
it down)

Oooh, this is hot, hot, hot. Just
the thing to take the chill out of
that cold, hungry tummy.

He goes back towards the fireplace and gets a bottle of wine, a wooden cup and a soup ladle.

BLINDMAN

I know what it's like to be
hungry and cold. And how much
a little kindness from a stranger
can mean.

(sets his cane, bottle
and cup on the table)

Especially when you're all alone
in the world.

(reaches out for the
Monster)

Now!...where are you? Why -- you're
still standing! Sit down, my boy!
Don't wait for me.

He puts his hand on the Monster's shoulder, and, with his other hand, he stirs the soup with the ladle. STEAM RISES.

BLINDMAN

I'd almost forgotten the sharp
pang of pleasure that a little
politeness can bring. Hold out
your bowl now.

The Monster, who is now seated, holds out his bowl to receive the soup.

BLINDMAN

Oh, my friend...

The Blindman ladles the burning soup between the Monster's outstretched bowl and his stomach, so that it falls on his lap.

Cont.

BLINDMAN

(as he is ladling)
...if you only knew what your visit means to me. How long I've waited for the pleasure of another human being, the sound of good conversation across a dinner table. We forget, in our preoccupation with worldly matters, that it is these simple pleasures that are the basis of true happiness. Don't you agree with me, my friend?

MONSTER

(hardly able to speak)

..... MM.....

BLINDMAN

I knew it! Oh, I knew you would. Now then! A little wine with your soup.

He picks up the bottle of wine. This time the Monster politely guides the Blindman's hand to the wooden cup he holds out.

BLINDMAN

(as he is filling the cup)

Yes, yes, my boy. You're thirsty -- I know. There now!

The Monster raises his cup and is about to drink.

BLINDMAN

WAIT! A toast! 'To a long friendship!'

The Blindman clinks his cup against the Monster's. The Monster's cup breaks into pieces. He is left holding the handle.

MONSTER

(pathetically trying to explain)

MM..... MM..... ---

Cont.

BLINDMAN

Oh my, yes. Wine is good, isn't it? How hungry you must have been. Well -- I have something special for you tonight. A little treat that I've been saving for just the right occasion. CIGARS!

(produces two cigars from a pocket)

Here you are, my friend. Now we can have a nice smoke and a quiet little chat.

The Blindman lights his own cigar with the burning candle. The Monster becomes alarmed at the use of fire.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMM!

BLINDMAN

What? What is it, my friend?

MONSTER

MMMMMM!

BLINDMAN

The fire? Oh no -- you mustn't be afraid of fire. Fire is good!

MONSTER

(not believing it)

MMMMmm -- mmmmmmm.

BLINDMAN

Yes, it is. Fire is our friend. You see?

(lighting his own cigar again, slowly)

There's nothing to be afraid of. I'll show you. Take your cigar!

The Monster holds his cigar in his fist, cautiously.

BLINDMAN

Do you have it?

MONSTER

MMmmmmmm.

BLINDMAN

Let me see.

(reaches out and takes the Monster's extended thumb)

Yes...that's it. Now --

BLINDMAN (Cont.)

(lights the Monster's
thumb)

Now don't inhale until the tip
glows.

MONSTER

(it almost sounds like
"WOW")

MMMMM00000000000000XGHWWWWWWWW!

The Monster BURSTS THROUGH THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BLINDMAN

WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WAIT!!
I WAS GOING TO MAKE ESPRESSO!!

The Blindman puts down his cigar and sadly goes over to his phonograph. He places the needle on his record.

MUSIC

"AVE MARIA"

BLINDMAN

(kneeling in prayer)

A visitor is all I ask...a
temporary companion...just to
help me pass a few short hours of
my lonely life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

113

A half-pint highwayman, JACK SPRAT, is preparing to mug the next stranger.

JACK SPRAT

'Ere I stand -- Jack Sprat --
'ighwayman extraordinaire -- ready
for a night of evil deeds and wicked
purpose. AH! 'Ere comes anunver
unsuspecting victim.

He steps out and jabs his pistol into a solid hulk.

JACK SPRAT

Your money or your life!

Cont.

He LOOKS UP and sees:

The Monster, at what seems like twenty feet above him.

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat can make a deal wif
any man.

The Monster takes Sprat's pistol and crushes it like silly
putty.

MONSTER

MMmmmmmmmmmm.

JACK SPRAT

I see you're one of us.

MONSTER

(angry)

MMmmmmmmmmMM!

JACK SPRAT

Wha d'ya want...my money?

He slips out a money bag and hands it to the Monster. The
Monster slaps it aside.

MONSTER

(more angry)

MMmmmmmmmmMM!

JACK SPRAT

Awright -- I see your point. Let's
make it my life.

The Monster WHACKS him out of the way and WALKS OFF.

JACK SPRAT

(on the ground)

I've got to get glasses. I've
gotta see these people.

CUT TO:

A TWENTY FOOT SHADOW

114

walking.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

115

The Monster continues walking, angry. Suddenly, he HEARS the
TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY.

.Cont.

He stops, confused, and looks for the source. At the end of the street, under an eerie street lamp, he sees:

A bent and bearded STREET BEGGAR, playing his fiddle on the lonely FOGGY street.

The Monster walks closer and closer. We cannot see the Beggar's face. The Monster approaches him.

MONSTER
(soft, pathetic cries)
MMmmmm! MMmmmmmm!

The Beggar doesn't move. The Monster comes even closer.

FREDDY (THE STREET BEGGAR)
NOW!

A huge net is DROPPED from the TOP OF THE STREET LAMP (hidden by fog). It FALLS OVER the Monster.

MONSTER
(struggling)
MMMMMMMMGHJKHmmmmmmHmmmmMMMMMMMGHGHGH!

FREDDY
Help me!

Igor and Inga SLIDE DOWN from the top of the street lamp and assist Freddy.

FREDDY
Quick!...the sedative!

Inga hands Freddy a hypodermic as Igor and Freddy wrestle with the Monster. Freddy jabs it into the Monster.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MONSTER'S FACE

116

Monster's P.O.V. of Freddy, Inga and Igor...GETTING HAZY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

117

Freddy, Inga and Igor are standing next to the door to the Private Library.

FREDDY
All right...quietly now...let's
see if he's asleep.

Freddy slowly slides back the little wooden window in the door.

AN ARM SHOOTS OUT and grabs Igor by the throat.

FREDDY

That's strange! The sedative
must have worn off, but I don't
see how.

Igor holds up one finger.

FREDDY

One syllable!

Igor cups his hand to his ear.

FREDDY

Sounds like!

Igor rubs the top of his head with one finger.

FREDDY

Scalp!

Igor nods "yes."

INGA

Help!

Igor points to his nose.

INGA

Oh, Doctor -- remember when Igor
lit his cigarette? He's afraid
of fire.

FREDDY

Good thinking!

Freddy takes out a book of matches and lights them. The
Monster lets go of Igor's neck and pulls his arm back in fear.

Freddy closes the sliding window. From inside the Private
Library, they HEAR the Monster GROWLING.

FREDDY

We all know what has to be done?

INGA

Oh, Doctor...

IGOR

Lots of matches, right, boss?

Cont.

FREDDY

No...it's too late for that. No
sense kidding ourselves any longer...
we've got to kill him.

FRAU BLUCHER

118

FRAU BLUCHER

NO.

FREDDY

YES.

Frau Blucher reveals a pistol, and points it at Freddy.

FRAU BLUCHER

NO!!

FREDDY

...Well maybe I'm being too
hasty. But what else can we do?

FRAU BLUCHER

You can be...a doctor.
You can be...a SCIENTIST.
You can be...A FRANKENSTEIN!!!

FREDDY

Are you trying to shame me,
Frau Blucher, because I wanted
to spare this poor, dumb creature
any more pain and suffering?

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes! -- I'm trying to shame you.
Because you're giving up too easily.
Your grandfather had the same problems
you have. It would have been easy
to just stop -- take no chances -- No
one gets his hands dirty. Don't you
think he felt what you feel now?
But he had a vision of something
greater. Beyond failure! Beyond
ridicule!! Beyond pain!!! The
RE-CREATION OF L I F E!

All eyes on:

FREDDY

119

FREDDY

(to Igor)
Get me the file...of that abnormal
brain.

343

Frau Blucher SMILES.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY - EXTREME CLOSEUP - MONSTER 120
- NIGHT

His eyes are lit by a crack of light. He is listening.

VOICE OF FREDDY

(o.s.)

"Fifth Brain -- Extreme supra-orbital development with deep parietal fissure. Classification mark... 'Abnormal.' This gentle human being, of more than average intelligence, exhibits kindness, strong feelings of compassion, reasonable fluctuation, and a well-integrated thought pattern."

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

121

Freddy is reading the file. Inga, Igor and -- further back -- Frau Blucher, listen intently.

FREDDY

(looking up)

Why this is wonderful!

(goes back to
reading)

"However, under stress... particularly when stress takes form of embarrassment or humiliation..."

CUT BACK TO:

MONSTER

122

MONSTER

MM.....

VOICE OF FREDDY

(o.s.)

"...this patient -- convinced that he is unloved -- demonstrates a profound deterioration of Ego, characterized by fits of depression, murderous rage...and, upon rare occasions, has been known to dismember imagined persecutors."

MONSTER

(reminiscing)

MM.....

FREDDY

(still reading)

'In other words: one wrong word
and he may go bananas.'

(looks up)

...convinced that he is unloved...
...convinced that he is unloved...

IGOR

(to Inga)

I think he's found the key phrase.

FREDDY

...convinced that he is unloved...!

INGA

Oh, doctor...do you think that's
really it?

IGOR

It's true of all of us.

FREDDY

With two rather singular exceptions.

FRAU BLUCHER

One!....

FREDDY

(giving her a dirty look)
...One!...instead of releasing
his hostility in any normal manner,
this poor devil regresses into the
Stone Age.

FRAU BLUCHER

But two...

FREDDY

But TWO...and even more importantly
...that body was dead. And every
drop of life raging through its veins
has been recreated. That he can even
move and make dumb animal noises is
a miracle. Unfortunately, society
always demands pretty frames around
its pictures..

FRAU BLUCHER

But if you could...

Cont.

FREDDY

...But if I could...transform
that uncoordinated, uncontrollable,
simple-celled paleolithic hulk,
into a talented, cultured,
well-mannered gentleman...

INGA

Oh, Doctor...do you think you can
do it?

FREDDY

Give me that candle!

INGA AND IGOR

No!

FRAU BLUCHER

YES!

Frau Blucher hands him a lit candle in a holder. Freddy walks up to the Private Library door.

FREDDY

No matter what you hear -- no
matter how cruelly I beg you --
however terribly I scream...do not
open this door, or you will undo
everything. Do you understand?
Do not open this door!

INGA

Yes, Doctor.

IGOR

You're the boss. Nice working
with you, Doc.

They unlock the door, Freddy quickly darts inside, and they lock the door again.

The Monster springs up from his mattress on the floor.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMGHGHGJ KMMMS

Freddy turns and begins pounding his fist against the door.

FREDDY

Let me out. Let me out. Goddamn it,
get me the hell OUT OF HERE! JESUS --
MOTHER -- OPEN THIS GODDAMN DOOR --
I'LL KICK YOUR ROTTEN HEADS IN! LET
ME OUT OF HERE!!!

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

124

Inga reaches for the doorknob, but Frau Blucher grabs her hand.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

125

Freddy turns to look at the Monster. He still holds the candle in his hand. The Monster starts walking slowly towards Freddy.

MONSTER

MMmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

The Monster is still wary of Freddy's candle, but just when he seems about to overcome his fear:

FREDDY

You are...a good-looking fellow!

The Monster's eyes are caught off guard.

FREDDY

Why do people laugh at you?

-- Because they hate you.

MONSTER

MMmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

FREDDY

But why do they hate you?...Because they are JEALOUS! Look at you! Look at the magnificence of you! Do you want to talk about physical strength? Do you want to talk about sheer muscle? Do you want to talk about the Olympian ideal that man has unconsciously yearned to retain since 776 B.C.??? You are mankind's DREAM COME TRUE!

The Monster drops to one knee. He is visibly shaken. Freddy comes to him. The Monster sinks his head against Freddy's chest.

MUSIC.

TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY -- beautiful orchestral treatment.

FREDDY

This is a good boy. This is a nice boy. This is a mother's angel. And I want the world to know -- once and for all -- without any shame -- THAT WE LOVE HIM.

The Monster is broken. Tears come to his eyes.

FREDDY

I'm going to show you. I'm going to teach you how to walk, how to move, how to think, how to speak! You and I are going to redefine the dreams of forgotten alchemists. Together -- we will make the single greatest contribution to science since the SPLITTING OF THE ATOM..

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

126

Inga POUNDS on the door.

INGA

Dr. Fronkonsteen! Dr. Fronkonsteen!
Are you all right?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

127

FREDDY

(almost sobbing, as
he caresses the weeping
Monster)

My...NAME...IS...FRANK EN STEIN!

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - AN OWL

128

His eyes POPPING.

CUT BACK TO:

FREDDY

129

rocking the Monster.

TRIUMPHAL MUSIC.

DISSOLVE TO:

100

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

130

A poster reads:

BUCHAREST ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

Tonight Only

DR. F. FRANKENSTEIN

Presents

THE CREATURE

in

"A Startling New Experiment in Re-animation"

Presented in Cooperation With

T N S.

(Transylvania Neurological Society)

A "SOLD OUT" sticker is pasted across the poster.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM

131

The Audience is filled with ELDERLY SCIENTISTS, their WIVES and THE CURIOUS from the upper crust of society. All are elegantly dressed in cheap studio wardrobe.

Standing at the back of the house is a ring of RIOT POLICE. In the center of the line, we see Inspector Kemp.

THE HOUSELIGHTS DIM.

THE FOOTLIGHTS COME UP.

The Audience MURMURS.

An ELDERLY ANNOUNCER comes out from the center of the closed curtain.

A Little APPLAUSE of recognition from the Audience.

ANNOUNCER

Distinguished Colleagues...Ladies and Gentlemen...Tonight I have the special privilege of introducing to you, a man whose family name was once both famous, and, infamous...

Cont.

A slight MURMUR from the Audience.

ANNOUNCER

...but who embodies, today, the highest aspirations of a new generation, and...a new world. It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you:

DOKTOR BARON FRIEDRICH VON FRANKENSTEIN!

Reserved but polite APPLAUSE.

THE CURTAIN PARTS, the Announcer walking off with it to one of the sides.

Freddy, dressed in tails, stands in the center of a LIT STAGE.

FREDDY

My fellow Scientists and Neurosurgeons...Ladies and Gentlemen... a few short weeks ago -- coming from a background, believe me, as conservative and traditionally grounded in scientific fact as any of you -- I began an experiment in -- incredulous as it may sound -- the reanimation of dead tissue.

REACTION from the Audience.

FREDDY

An experiment -- hopelessly monumental in its exploration of the potentialities of the Central Nervous System, but the results of which -- in my humble opinion -- could change the very meaning of life.

REACTION from the Audience.

FREDDY

I have constructed -- from medically proven dead human components -- a LIVING CREATURE.

REACTION from the Audience.

Cont.

FREDDY

That this Creature might, for a day or an hour or a minute, lie in some liquid solution and PULSATE... that would be a revolutionary breakthrough. But not quite worthy of so distinguished a gathering. What I have to offer you...might possibly be...the gateway to immortality. Ladies and Gentlemen... may I present...THE CREATURE!

From stage right, dressed in a huge surgical gown, THE MONSTER WALKS SLOWLY ONTO the stage.

Several WOMEN SCREAM. A few of the Audience half rise out of their seats:

FREDDY

Please! Remain in your seats -- I beg you. We are not children here...we are scientists. I assure you there is nothing to fear.

The Audience calms down.

When the Monster reaches center stage, he looks at Freddy, who nods to him. The Monster stiffly BOWS to the Audience.

A few of the Audience APPLAUD in appreciation.

FREDDY

First, may I offer for your consideration -- a neurological demonstration of the primary cerebeller functions: BALANCE AND COORDINATION:

(to the Monster)
STAND -- ON -- YOUR -- TOES!

The Monster obeys.

FREDDY

STAND -- ON -- YOUR -- HEELS!

The Monster, with great difficulty, obeys.

Some of the Audience GASP in amazement, and MURMUR among themselves.

FREDDY

Now! WALK -- 'HEEL -- TO -- TOE!'

Cont.

The Monster walks "Heel to Toe," then stops.

FREDDY
BACKWARDS!

MURMURS from the Audience: "I don't believe it. Do you think he can do it?"

The Monster walks backwards, "Toe to Heel."
APPLAUSE.

FREDDY
Now stand heel to toe -- shut your eyes -- and EXTEND YOUR ARMS!

The Monster obeys.

FREDDY
(calling to offstage left)
The milk bottles -- please!

Igor, dressed in tails, walks on stage with one empty and one full bottle of milk, and hands them to Freddy.

IGOR
(to Freddy, under his breath)
You're doing beautifully.
Tighten up the pauses and don't lose your energy. You're killing them!

Freddy puts the empty milk bottle in the Monster's left hand. His left arm dips down -- then straightens itself.

Freddy puts the full milk bottle in the Monster's right hand. His right arm sags way down, then -- with tremendous effort -- he brings his arm up level again.

A BURST OF APPLAUSE, during which:

Freddy takes the two milk bottles from the Monster's hands and gives them back to Igor, who RETURNS TO THE WINGS at stage left.

Freddy touches the Monster on the back. The Monster opens his eyes and stands normally...enjoying his OVATION.

Cont.

FREDDY

Ladies and Gentlemen...up until now you have seen the Creature perform the simple mechanics of motor activity. But for what you are about to see next...we must enter, quietly, into the realm of genius. And believe me when I say, that I am -- myself -- as in awe of the gifts I possess, as if I were merely observing them in some other person. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

Igor ROLLS OUT A GRAND PIANO, with a piano bench on top, from stage left.

FREDDY

...MESDAMES ET MESSIEURS...DAMEN UND HERREN...from what was once an inarticulate mass of lifeless tissue... may I now present...

Igor sits at the piano, ready to play.

FREDDY

...a civilized, cultured...MAN ABOUT TOWN!

On..."TOWN," the stage GOES BLACK.

Igor PLAYS a short trill up the keyboard.

FREDDY

(from the darkness)
HIT IT!

ANOTHER ANGLE

132

A SPOTLIGHT hits Freddy and the Monster, both standing center stage, in TOP HAT, TAILS AND CANES.

FREDDY

(singing)
If you're blue and you don't
know where to go, why don't
you...

Freddy and the Monster accompany the music and singing with short, simple "Soft Shoe" steps.

Cont.

FREDDY
...go where fashion sits...

Freddy "gives" it to the Monster.

MONSTER
Poo -- tummm anngh ma Riis!

The Audience GASPS in awe and wonder that "it" can "talk."

FREDDY
Diff'rent types who wear a day
coat, pants with stripes and
cutaway coat, perfect fits...

MONSTER
Poo -- tummm anngh ma Riis!

FREDDY
Dressed up like a million dollar
trouper.
Trying hard to look like Gary Cooper.

MONSTER
(he is Fred Astaire)
Soo -- pah doo pah.

APPLAUSE. INGA IS CRYING with pride.

RIOT POLICEMAN
Inspector: looks like he's tamed
the brute rather nicely.

KEMP
Seeing is not necessarily believing.

FREDDY
Come let's mix where
Rock-e-fellers walk.

A GEL, in one of the footlights, BEGINS SMOKING.

FREDDY
With sticks or 'um-ber-el-las
in their mitts...

MONSTER
Poo -- tummm anngh ma...

THE GEL BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Cont.

The Monster stops cold.

EMBARRASSING PAUSE.

MURMURS of discontent from the Audience.

Freddy rushes down to the footlights -- as he goes on singing -- and he starts to put out the fire.

FREDDY

Dressed up like a million dollar trouper.

MONSTER

(staring at the fire)
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

A WOMAN in the Audience SCREAMS.

FREDDY

Trying hard to look like
Gary Coo - per.

Another EMBARRASSING PAUSE.

Freddy, kneeling, is just stamping out the last flames.

FREDDY

(to the Monster)
That's your cue. Go on! This
is nothing. Nothing, I tell you.
Go on, sing!

JEERS from the Audience.

The Monster gets a tomato right in the face.

MONSTER

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

FREDDY

Please, Ladies and Gentlemen -- I
beg you -- for safety's sake --
don't humiliate him!

Freddy looks to Igor to pick up the cue.

FREDDY

(trying to cover).
...Su-per du-per. Come let's
mix where Rock-e-fellers walk
with sticks or 'um-ber-el-las in
their mitts...

Cont.

The Monster knows it's his cue; he just looks at Freddy.

FREDDY

For God's sake -- go on! Are you
trying to make me look like a fool?
Sing, you amateur! SING!!

The Monster gets a raw egg in the face.

AUDIENCE

Boooooooooooooo!
Get him off!
Fake!
What else can your toy do?

The Monster gets pelted with eggs and tomatoes.

MONSTER

(starting for
the audience)
Mooooooooooooo! Mooooooooooooo!

Freddy rushes in front of him.

FREDDY

STOP! I -- SAY -- STOP!!

The Monster is halted for a moment by the authority in
Freddy's voice.

FREDDY

Go back! Do you understand me?
I will not let you destroy my work.
As your master...as your CREATOR...
I command you -- GO BACK!

The Monster gives Freddy a colossal WHACK and jumps into the
Audience.

MONSTER

Mooooooooooooo!

Inspector Kemp BLOWS A WHISTLE.

The Audience SCREAMS and SCATTERS. The Police pounce all
over the Monster, and, eventually, drag him off...a helpless
prisoner.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Monster is pathetically chained to a giant chair.
TWO GUARDS are playing cards.

Up above -- through little iron-barred windows -- VILLAGERS spit and throw pebbles at the Monster.

MONSTER

The Guards laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Freddy leans over the operating table -- his head in his hands. Inga stands behind him.

FREDDY

Chained! Chained, like a beast in
a cage.

INGA

Oh, Doctor...I feel so terrible.

FREDDY

There's only one answer -- relieve the pressure on his cerebellum. If I could find a way to equalize the imbalance in his cerebrospinal fluid... why he'd be as normal as you or I. But how? HOW? -- before it's too late.

TINGA

(taking him by the shoulders)

Oh, Frederick -- if only I could relieve this torture you're going through. If only I could help you to relax. If there were some way I could give you....a little peace.

He looks at her hands, touching him.

FREDDY

It can't be...you know that.

TINGA

I know.

Cont.

FREDDY

There is a very strong physio-chemical reaction between us -- I mean, let's face facts.

INGA

Yes, Frederick.

FREDDY

But we're not children.

INGA

No.

He is looking at

The ENORMITY OF HER BOSOM.

FREDDY

We know very well what we can..and what-we-can.....not have.

INGA

I think so.

FREDDY

It's terrible the price society demands in the name of fidelity. After all, what is fidelity..... ultimately?

INGA

Not fooling around.

FREDDY

Yes, of course, but what I mean is... not fooling around physically?...or not fooling around intellectually?

Their lips are almost touching.

INGA

....I see what you mean. Oh, doctor... I've always wanted to know, exactly how fast is the speed of light?

FREDDY

(completely mesmerized
by her tone)

A hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second.

SCREEN WIPES TO:

INGA AND FREDDY ON THE OPERATING TABLE, UNDER A
WHITE SHEET

135

Only their heads are visible, and Freddy's right arm. He
is smoking a cigarette.

FREDDY

There can never....ever....be anything
physical between us. You know that,
dear.

INGA

I know, Frederick.

FREDDY

...But an intellectual relationship,
like this -- we could have as often as
we wanted. Three times a day --
anything!

Frau Blucher appears at the stairway.

FRAU BLUCHER

Excuse me, Doctor.

FREDDY

What is it, Frau Blucher?

Freddy and Inga remain under the white sheet.

FRAU BLUCHER

This cable came while you were gone.

FREDDY

I thought I left instructions that I
was not ever to be interrupted while
working.

FRAU BLUCHER

I'm sorry, Doctor. I thought it was
an emergency. Your fiancee will be
arriving any moment.

She hands Freddy the cable.

FREDDY

Elizabeth? Here?

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes. I'll prepare her room at once.

Frau Blucher leaves.

Cont.

RUDI

Dat's vat I thought. You settle down now. 'Cause we gonna be pals. Nice and cozy! Right?

MONSTER

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

Rudi takes out a cigarette and prepares to light it.

RUDI

Dat's right. Jus' like old friends.

He lights his match.

MONSTER

MMMMMM! MMMMMM! MMMMMM!

RUDI

Vas da matter? -- you afraid uf dis liddle fire?

(he laughs)

Some monster you are! Dis can't hurt you! -- SEE?

He sticks the match in the monster's face.

MONSTER

(terrified)

MM! MM! MM! MM! MM!

EXTREME CLOSEUP - RUDI'S FACE

137

Evilly illuminated by the match.

RUDI

Oohhhh! He don't like dat. See...
Mama vas right! Liddle boys ain't s'pose to play vit matches....is day??

He puts the match closer and closer to the Monster's face.

RUDI

...'Cause day might get hurt.

CHAINS BREAK.

GIANT HANDS CLOSE AROUND RUDI'S NECK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

The front door opens and Elizabeth comes in. Frau Blucher and A COACHMAN can be SEEN in the b.g.

Freddy stands in dressing gown and ascot. Inga and Igor wait politely in the rear.

ELIZABETH

Darling!

FREDDY

Darling!

They embrace.

ELIZABETH

Surprised?

FREDDY

Surprised!

ELIZABETH

Love me?

FREDDY

Love you! Well - why don't we turn in?

ELIZABETH

Darling!?:

FREDDY

I mean, it's been a long day. I'm sure you must be tired. Oh! These are my assistants.

Freddy turns to get some luggage from the Coachman.

ELIZABETH

(stepping up to Inga)

How do you do?

INGA

So nice to meet you at last.

Elizabeth steps up to Igor.

IGOR

Darling!

ELIZABETH

Hello....!?

Cont.

IGOR

Surprised?

ELIZABETH

Well....yes!

IGOR

Miss me?

ELIZABETH

I.....

Freddy approaches them with Elizabeth's two suitcases: one very large and one very small.

FREDDY

Ready, darling?

ELIZABETH

Yes. I am a bit tired, after all.

FREDDY

(to Igor)

Give me a hand with these, will you,
Ayegor?

IGOR

It's pronounced Eegor.

FREDDY

But I thought...

IGOR

Tit for tat! No offense, girls.

FREDDY

Well....Eegor...How about giving me
a hand with these bags?

IGOR

All right....you take the blonde, I'll
take the dark one.

FREDDY

The luggage!!

IGOR

Certainly, master.

Cont.

Igor takes the small suitcase and, with Inga, leads Elizabeth and Freddy up the stairs. Freddy struggles with the large suitcase. Frau Blucher follows behind.

ON THE STAIRWAY

139

ELIZABETH

What a strange fellow.

FREDDY

Yes, he's a little bit...tilted..
Harmless, though.

ELIZABETH

Why does he call you 'master'?

Freddy stares at her.

FREDDY

Are you suggesting that I call him
master???

ELIZABETH

Why, no....of course not. I just meant...

FREDDY

All right, then!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COBBLESTONED ALLEY - NIGHT

140

A SIX YEAR OLD GIRL walks innocently along this narrow, menacing alley, lit only by moonlight.

Behind her there slowly APPEARS a growing, TWENTY FOOT SHADOW

When the Shadow is almost upon her, the Girl turns around and faces her pursuer.

It is.....

her BABY BROTHER, holding a long balloon in each hand.

SIX YEAR OLD GIRL

(grabbing him)

Mit kommen, mit kommen. Du bist immer
eine schlafmutzigem Blind-schleiche.

She gives him a slap on the behind and pulls him along.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth -- in a long, satin robe -- stands over Freddy, who sits staring into a fire.

FREDDY

He's loose! Do you know what that means?

ELIZABETH

Darling, you mustn't worry so.

FREDDY

But it's all my fault -- don't you see? Somewhere inside that body there's a frightened child, crying out for love and understanding and normal human relationships. I just have to find some way to reestablish his communications system.

ELIZABETH

Frederick, you've done everything that's humanly possible.

FREDDY

I suppose you're right.

ELIZABETH

Of course I am. Now come along like a good boy.

He gets up.

FREDDY

What would I do without you?

ELIZABETH

Is your room just down the hall? -- in case I get frightened during the night?

FREDDY

Well, yes, but....I thought perhaps tonight, under the circumstances... I might stay here with you.

ELIZABETH

Oh, darling! Don't let's spoil everything.

FREDDY

I don't want to spoil anything -- I just want to top it all off.

Cont.

ELIZABETH

Would you want me now, like this, so soon before our wedding? So near we can almost touch it? Or to wait a little while longer, when I can give myself without hesitation? .. When I can be totally and unashamedly and legally yours?

FREDDY

That's a tough choice.

ELIZABETH

Is it worth taking a chance?

FREDDY

I suppose you're right.

ELIZABETH

Of course I am. I always am. Now give me a kiss and say good night, like my good boy.

Freddy starts to kiss her -- she offers her cheek.

FREDDY

Good night.

ELIZABETH

That's my good boy.

Freddy steps into....

INT. HALLWAY

142

Elizabeth blows him a kiss and slowly closes her door.

Freddy stands for a moment, then walks to the door next to Elizabeth's room and knocks.

ANGLE ON INGA

143

as she opens the door, wearing a flimsy nightgown.

INGA

Why, Doctor...is anything the matter?

FREDDY

Just passing. Thought I'd say good night.

Cont.

INGA

What's wrong, Doctor? You seem....
lonely.

FREDDY

No, no, not lonely, just....I feel
the need of a good -- intellectual
discussion.

INGA

Would you like to come in and talk
a little?

FREDDY

I wouldn't want to keep you up.

INGA

Oh, you wouldn't be keeping me up.

FREDDY

(looking at his watch)
Well....perhaps for a few minutes.

They go into Inga's room.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. VILLAGE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

144

VILLAGERS with torches and DOGS stand on the street in the village square.

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Kill him! Kill the Monster!
Down with Frankenstein!

INSPECTOR KEMP

145

steps out, raises his hands to quiet the crowd.

INSPECTOR KEMP

A riot is an ugly thing. And I think it's just about time we had one.

"Yea" from the crowd.

INSPECTOR KEMP

But the law must prevail! We shall go to the castle -- We shall confront Doctor Frankenstein with the facts -- and if, indeed, he is harboring the Monster...

(he raises his wooden arm)

...as heaven is my witness, he will curse the day he was born a Frankenstein!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Yay!
Down with Frankenstein!
KILL the monster!

They all follow Inspector Kemp OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

146

Elizabeth is just finishing brushing her hair, humming quietly to herself. She stands up and blows out the candles near her mirror.

She walks to some French doors that open onto a small balcony. She opens the glass doors and looks at:

ANGLE ON THE MOON

147

Bright and full.

120

BACK TO SCENE

148

She takes a breath of fresh air, then CLOSES the doors and walks to her large double bed. She slips off her robe -- revealing her thin body in a delicate nightgown. She HEARS:

She turns towards the French doors and listens...then decides that it was nothing and gets into bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

149

Inspector Kemp and the Villagers are at the steps of the castle. Inspector Kemp POUNDS on the front door.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM

150

Elizabeth lies in bed, illuminated by the flames from her fireplace. There is the SOUND of CURTAINS FLAPPING.

The French doors have been OPENED -- the silk curtains flapping from a breeze outside.

Elizabeth has a contented smile on her face. Her eyes are closed.

A LARGE SHADOW grows against the wall behind her. It crosses her face and blots out her key light.

She opens her eyes and looks ahead. Her face freezes in terror.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE

151

The front door opens and Freddy appears in his robe. He looks at the angry mob.

FREDDY

Yes!?

Cont.

INSPECTOR KEMP

Forgive us for intruding so late at night, Herr Baron. But an ugly rumor persists that there are strange goings on in this castle. These good citizens are ready to rip you from limb to limb unless you can offer some rational explanation for their fears. How say you?

FREDDY

Ugly, vicious rumors!

A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

What was that?

Listen!

Did you hear that?

INSPECTOR KEMP

They say that you have recreated the horrible monster who has haunted and terrorized the God-fearing people of this village. What say you to that?

FREDDY

Rubbish!

Igor comes running out from inside the castle.

IGOR

He's back! He's back! The monster's back!

Everyone looks at Freddy.

FREDDY

What monster??

IGOR

What d'ya mean, 'What monster?' You remember...the one we made in the basement.

FREDDY

I think we all need a good night's sleep. Why don't we meet next week and thrash this thing out?

IGOR

You don't understand, master. The big fellow's broken in and kidnapped your fiancee.

Cont.

FREDDY

What???

IGOR

He's carrying her off now, through
the woods.

Freddy, Igor and The Mob run around TO THE SIDE of the castle.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF CASTLE

152

The Monster can just be SEEN, far below, disappearing into the woods (SEVEN TREES AND A BACKDROP). Elizabeth is slung over the Monster's back.

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

There he is! That's the monster!
After him!
Kill him!

Inspector Kamp and all the Villagers run OFF after the Monster, leaving Freddy and Igor alone.

IGOR

What now, boss? -- a little something to eat and then join the chase?

FREDDY

No! We've got to get him back here. I've got to relieve the pressure on his cerebellum.

IGOR

I like your style, master.

FREDDY

There's only one way to equalize the imbalance in his cerebrospinal fluid... one slim chance...but I've got to take it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

153

The Burgomesiter and the Villagers are on the hunt. The Burgomeister is being pulled along by a giant GREAT DANE. THE VILLAGERS climb little hills and rocks. OTHER DOGS are BARKING ferociously.

CUT TO:

123

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

154

ELIZABETH lies on a bed of leaves. She slowly opens her eyes and sees:

THE MONSTER

155

Smiling sweetly.

ELIZABETH

(stifling a scream)

Where am I? What do you want?
.... What are you going to do with
me? I'm not afraid of you!
How much do you want to let me go?
My father is very rich -- you could
have the world at your fingertips..
Listen.... I have to be back by
eleven-thirty -- I'm expecting a
call. WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK???

The Monster makes a "Shhhh" sign with his finger. He starts to move towards her.

ELIZABETH

What are you doing?

The CAMERA DRIFTS slowly towards the opening to the cave, up to:

ANGLE ON THE MOON

156

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(o.s.)

You can't be serious...
You don't understand ... I've
never.... Oh, my God, I.....

A FEMALE VOCALIST on an OLD 78 RECORD can be HEARD SINGING:

"HEA-VEN! I'M IN HEA-VEN!
AND MY HEART
BEATS SO
THAT I
CAN HAR-DLY SPEAK...."

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

157

The Burgomeister and the Villagers make their way through the rocks and hills alongside A STREAM.

Rowboats -- with Villagers, torches and Dogs -- travel up the stream alongside the Villagers who are on land.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Elizabeth and the Monster are lying on a bed of leaves.

ELIZABETH

Penny for your thoughts.

The Monster's eyes twinkle lasciviously.

ELIZABETH

You're incorrigible!.... Aren't you?

MONSTER

MMmmmm.

ELIZABETHAll right, then.... seven's always
been my lucky number.They are about to kiss when suddenly the Monster's ears
perk up as he hears:

MUSIC: THE EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY

He doesn't know where it's coming from.

ELIZABETH

What, dear? What is it?

The Monster gives a pathetic little cry.

MONSTER

MMmm!

ELIZABETH

Is it that music?

MONSTER

MMMM! Mmmmm!

ELIZABETHProbably just some nearby cottage.
Nothing to worry about.The Monster gets up and starts out of the cave.... pulled
by forces he doesn't understand.ELIZABETHWhere are you going? They've
left their F-M station on, that's
all.

He's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOF OF CASTLE - NIGHT

159

Freddy stands in the night air playing the violin -- a handkerchief under his chin.

In front of him is a tall microphone on a stand with two enormous speakers nearby, facing the woods.

Igor sits on a chair near Freddy, like a member of a band waiting for his cue.

Now Igor gets up, puts his trumpet to his lips and blows just the "bridge." When he is finished, he sits back down and waits.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

160

The Monster walks passionately through the woods, fighting the branches in order to get to the music.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - NIGHT

161

The Burgomeister and the Villagers make their way through the rocks and hills, alongside a stream.

Rowboats, with Villagers, torches, and Dogs, travel up the stream, alongside the Villagers who are on land.

The rocks, hills and stream all look vaguely familiar.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF CASTLE - NIGHT

162

The Monster can be SEEN crawling up the side of the castle, trying to make it onto the roof.

Freddy and Igor move close to the edge of the roof as Freddy continues playing.

FREDDY
(to the Monster)
You can do it.

The Monster inches closer.

FREDDY
You can do it.

The Monster inches closer.

Cont.

IGOR
Come on, big fellow!

FREDDY
(to Igor)
Is everything ready?

IGOR
Yes, master. Are you sure you
want to go through with it?

FREDDY
It's the only way.

IGOR
Okay, boss! But I hope you know
what you're doing.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

163

The Burgomeister stands in water up to his waist -- his
clothes all wet and torn.

His Great Dane is swimming next to him, BARKING LOUDLY.

1ST VILLAGER
Wait a minute! Maybe he went back
to the castle.

2ND VILLAGER
That's right!

3RD VILLAGER
He's probably right.

2ND VILLAGER
It was all a trick by that lunatic
doctor.

3RD VILLAGER
Let's go back there and tear them
both to pieces!

4TH VILLAGER
Let's not lose our heads. We've
always listened to our Burgomeister
in the past. We should have the
decency to hear him now.

1ST VILLAGER
Well -- what do you say, Burgomeister?

Cont.

BURGOMEISTER

Let's go back there and tear them
both to pieces!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Yay!
Back to the castle!
KILL THEM BOTH!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

164

The Monster lies on the operating table. His eyes closed.
From out of his head come TEN THIN TUBES connecting with
ONE LARGE TUBE.

The large tube travels up, above the Monster's head, turns
across the room for five or six feet, then down again...
where it connects with TEN THIN TUBES that are stuck into:

ANGLE ON FREDDY'S HEAD

165

Freddy lies on an operating table. His eyes closed.

Inga operates two gauges. One is marked "INTAKE"; the
other is marked "OUTPUT."

INGA

How do I know when they're done?

IGOR

The doctor said to allow fifteen
minutes: But not one second more,
or one second less.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A GIANT CLOCK ON THE WALL

166

With a "sweep" second hand. It is 11:57.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

How long is it so far?

IGOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Twelve minutes.

Cont.

128

166 Cont.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Three minutes to go!

IGOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Yes.

BACK TO SCENE

167

IGOR

What d'ya want to do to kill time?

INGA

Oh, Ayegor -- I'm so afraid! I just hope this all ends well.

Igor looks into the LENS of the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

168

The Burgomeister and the Villagers are POUNDING on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

169

Inga and Igor watch over the two bodies.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

170

It is 11:58.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

171

INGA

How long now?

IGOR

Two more minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

172

The Villagers are RAMMING THE FRONT DOOR DOWN with a pole.

CUT TO:

129

ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

173

It is 11:58 and THIRTY SECONDS.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

174

INGA

Ayegor -- are you sure the doctor said fifteen minutes? Are you absolutely certain he's not in danger??

IGOR

Why, certainly! May my mother grow two heads if this doesn't all end well.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP OF A TWO-HEADED OLD LADY

175

Rocking in a chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE

176

The front door gives way.

The Burgomeister and the Villagers burst INTO THE CASTLE.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL

177

The Villagers scatter every which way in search of the doctor and the Monster.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE CLOCK

178

It is 11:59 and TWENTY SECONDS.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

179

INGA

(looking up as she HEARS the Villagers)
What's that noise?

Cont.

IGOR

Sounds like someone left the tely on.

Villagers come POURING DOWN THE STAIRS and INTO THE LAB.

1ST VILLAGER

There they are!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Kill them!Kill that doctor!Kill the monster!Tear them both to pieces!

INGA

(handling the gauges)

Ayegor -- what time is it?

IGOR

Oh, must be around midnight...
maybe twelve fifteen.

INGA

Ayegor -- THE CLOCK! HURRY!

IGOR

Oh!

Igor looks at:

ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

180

It is 11:59 and FORTY SECONDS.

BACK TO SCENE

181

IGOR

Another twenty seconds to go.

INGA

Do something! Stall them!

Igor rushes up to the charging Villagers.

IGOR

Now, see here! What is the
meaning of this?

BURGOMEISTER

We wish to see the doctor!

IGOR

What?

Cont.

BURGOMEISTER

We wish to see the doctor!

IGOR

What?

BURGOMEISTER

We wish to see the doctor!

1ST VILLAGER

COME ON, MEN!!

They sweep right OVER IGOR and the BURGOMEISTER.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE CLOCK

182

It is 11:59 and FIFTY SECONDS.

BACK TO SCENE

183

2ND VILLAGER

(seeing Freddy lying
on his operating table)

Here's that crackpot doctor -- let's
get him first!!

Several Villagers grab Freddy's body and PULL THE TUBES OUT
from his head.

INGA

(standing further
back, unable to
leave the gauges)

NO! PLEASE!!

ZOOM TO THE CLOCK

184

It is only 11:59 and FIFTY-THREE SECONDS.

BACK TO SCENE

185

The Villagers hold Freddy up over their shoulders yelling
and screaming. They start off with him.

A GIANT VOICE

(o.s.)

Put that man down!

Everyone turns towards the Voice.

Cont.

There, on his operating table -- holding the removed tubes from his head -- sits the Monster.

AN OLD WOMAN

Why.....it's the monster!

1ST VILLAGER

No, it couldn't be.

3RD VILLAGER

Yes, it is. It must be.

MONSTER

(standing on the table)
I said: Put that man down!

The frightened Villagers carry Freddy back to his table and lay him down.

BURGOMEISTER

And who are you, sir, that you order these people about?

MONSTER

I'm a relative of the doctor's. I came to visit him a short while ago in hopes that he might be able to help me with a certain condition I've had since birth, but which -- because of some very recent added pressures -- has turned out to be more than I could deal with.

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

(whispering)

What'd he say?
Relative??

MONSTER

You see, it's only recently that the problem of my great size and the somewhat unusual features of my head have become unbearable to me. Now, it seemed, that whenever people looked at me -- they wanted to scream. I didn't seem to bother little children, but the older ones would cry, or vomit. The men always wanted to beat me over the head.... instead of overlooking my outward appearance and respecting me for whatever good qualities I had to offer.

The Laboratory is silent.

MONSTER

You can imagine, then, perhaps, how such bitterness led me to another kind of life. I decided that if I couldn't inspire love which, I swear to you, was always my deepest hope. I would, instead.....cause fear.

A quiet shudder runs through the Villagers.

MONSTER

But our famous doctor here persuaded me to give him one last chance to redeem my soul. I found this man to be vain; I found him to be obsessed with a thirst for power and consumed with ambitions for personal glory. But even at the height of his quest -- this ego-driven, brilliant and half-crazed scientist... always.....held an image of me as something beautiful. And then, when it would have been easy enough to stay out of danger.....He used himself as a guinea pig, in order to give me a calmer brain.....and a slightly more eloquent way of speaking. Yes -- I am 'The Monster'.....sometimes known as 'Him,' occasionally, 'The Creature.' But they're one and the same. I am that tall, peculiarly attractive stranger with the winning smile. Would you all get the hell out of here!

ANGLE ON THE VILLAGERS

186

They mumble and shuffle OUT of the Laboratory.

INGA

Oh.... fifth Brain.you were wonderful. But I'm so worried about the doctor.

Igor is listening to Freddy's heartbeat as Inga and the Monster come to him.

They all three put their ears to Freddy's chest and listen.

They smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MODERN BEDROOM - NIGHT

LEGEND OVER SCREEN IMAGE

A FEW WEEKS LATER

Elizabeth is sitting at her makeup table, dressed in a nightgown, getting ready for bed.

ELIZABETH

Darling! I hope you didn't find Daddy's little party too boring. He did it just for you, and he meant so well. Tell me you liked it.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BATHROOM DOOR

A VOICE

(o.s.)

MMmmmm.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I know Mummy's just a scatterbrain without a serious thought in her head, but.....you love her just a little bit, don't you?

A VOICE

(o.s.)

MMmmmm.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I'm ready for bed, sweetheart.
Almost done??

The bathroom door opens and.....the Monster steps out. He is dressed in elegant silk pajamas and a handsome robe.

MONSTER

MMmmmmmmmm.

Elizabeth gets into bed and waits for him.

ELIZABETH

Did you see? -- I put a special hamper in the bathroom just for your shirts. The other one is for socks and poo-poo undies.

Cont.

MONSTER
(taking off his robe)
MMmmmm.

He gets into bed and turns out the table lamp.

ELIZABETH
Still happy you married me?

MONSTER
MMmmmm.

ELIZABETH
Love me codles and codles?

MONSTER
MMmmmm.

ELIZABETH
So this is what it's like to be
completely happy!

MONSTER
MMmmmm.

SCREEN WIPES TO:

INT. CASTLE BEDROOM - NIGHT

189

Freddy is sitting in an easy chair near the fire dressed in pajamas and reading a newspaper (probably the "Transylvania Tribune").

From the bathroom comes the SOUND of Inga HUMMING a pleasant tune.

INGA'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Did you have a nice day today?

FREDDY
Oh, just the usual: sore throats,
a few colds, two bladder transplants
and someone who thought he was a
Werewolf..

She goes on humming.

INGA'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Did you notice the new drapes I
put up in the bedroom?

Cont.

FREDDY

(looking up)

Yes!....They're very nice. I
like them.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Oh, good.

A short pause of silence, and then....

Inga begins humming -- quite unconsciously -- the EERIE
TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY.

Freddy's face is hidden behind the newspaper, but he is
suddenly COMPLETELY MOTIONLESS.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I was hoping you'd like them.

She continues humming the Transylvanian Lullaby.

Freddy slowly lowers the paper.

He touches his fingertips to his temple... His eyes open
and close, as if he were trying to focus.

Inga comes out of the bathroom dressed in her nightgown
and folds back the covers of their large double bed. She
continues humming.

INGA

All right if I turn out the lamp,
sweetheart?

FREDDY

(answering)

Mmmmm.

She TURNS OUT the LAMP as she goes on humming. Now the
bedroom is lit only by moonlight and the glow from the
fire.

INGA

(as she is
arranging the
pillows)

Shall I set the alarm?

FREDDY

Mmmmmmm.

Cont.

